

THE  
LITERARY MAGNET.

FEBRUARY, 1826.

THE MERRY WIVES OF MADRID.

A SPANISH STORY.

We will consent to act any villainy that may not sully the chariness of our honesty.

SHAKESPEARE.

There are four festivals annually observed in Madrid, beside that of St. Anne, the patron Saint of the city; and though Easter in most Catholic countries is celebrated with greater pomp than any other period of rejoicing, in the Spanish capital, the preference is given to these select fast-days, which are variously entitled. The first is St. Blas, which falls on the third of February, the eve of Candlemas day. The second is St. Iago el Verde (or St. James the Green), which is celebrated on the first of May. To these succeeds the eve of St. Juan, commonly called Sotillo, from a little wood of that name at a short distance from the city, in which the populace amuse themselves the early part of the day with dancing and various athletic games. The fourth is dedicated to Nuestra Senora de los Angelos, (our Lady of the Angels); upon which occasion the inhabitants of Madrid resort in great numbers to a small chapel, erected upon the spot where St. Isidor was born,—about a mile from the town, across the great Bridge of Mancanares. After the eve of St. John, there is no holiday celebrated with so much pomp and rejoicing as that of St. Blas, whose church is situated on a plain to the north of Madrid, almost under the walls of the monastery of St. Jerome, and close to the renowned and miraculous shrine of Nuestra Senora de Atocha.

It is customary for the ladies of Madrid to repair to this promenade on the third of February, although the winter is then often in the height of its severity, for the purpose of hailing the return of the sun as he retraces his progress to the northern tropic; and this practice is described in Spanish by the phrase 'Tomar El Sol,' taking the sun; a mode of expression more appropriate than it may appear to such as are not aware that the sun is almost as powerful in those latitudes upon the third of February, as it is in England during the finest day in May. From this rendezvous, there are few persons in the city who would care to absent themselves.

In the beginning of the reign of Phillip the third, there lived in Madrid three married ladies, as much distinguished for their beauty and accomplishments, as for their virtue and their undeviating propriety of conduct. The first of these ladies, whose name was Francesca, was the wife of the steward of a Grandee; and although her husband was perfectly independent of his employment, there were so many profitable perquisites attached to

the superintendence of his master's affairs, that he was as unwilling to forego the pleasurable occupation in which he was engaged, as any truant school-boy could be to take his leave of an orchard before he had plundered it of one-half of its produce. Night and day would he most gladly have passed in his employer's palace; indeed he breakfasted and dined there regularly; and only returned home like the industrious bee when he found himself cumbered with his earnings, and reminded by their weight of the necessity of depositing them in his hive or strong box. Fasts and holidays, which other men devoted to prayer and recreation, were consumed by Anselmo in the examination of accounts, and the recovery of old debts; or in ransacking musty deeds and superannuated parchments. In short Donna Francesca, enjoyed as little of her husband's society as if he had been gathered to his ancestors, and only permitted, like other defunct worthies, to revisit the world after dark.

The second of our distinguished heroines, Senora Clara, was wedded to a person whom the people of Madrid were good humoured and charitable enough to call a painter; in much the same spirit of courtesy that an apothecary in the possession of a dozen gallipots, and 'a beggarly account of empty boxes,' is sometimes entitled a doctor. Our painter had been employed for more than a month in decorating (that is to say daubing) the high altar of St. Pedro's Monastery; and for what he wanted in skill he certainly made amends to the good Friars who employed him, by diligence; so that Donna Clara saw as little of her knight of the easel, as Francesca did of her indefatigable money-gatherer. It may, however, be proper to mention in this place that the situations of the two ladies, as it respected the relative loss they sustained by the absence of their husbands, were by no means similar; inasmuch as the painter was unquestionably one of the most drunken and debauched vagabonds in the whole city of Madrid, and took an especial care to spend all that he gained during the week in dissolute carousals on Sundays and holidays. On this account, therefore, his unfortunate wife was more to be pitied than Francesca. But the sufferings of neither of these ladies bore any comparison with those of Donna Marina, who although she surpassed them both in personal charms, was tied to a very gouty, jealous, and exceedingly peevish old gentleman of sixty-two; who having the whole of his time entirely upon his hands, contrived to occupy the greater part of it in tormenting his companion. This ill-assorted couple lived upon the rent of two houses in the neighbourhood, which were let out in lodgings, and this income, with a trifling addition, furnished by the needle of Marina, (who excelled in embroidering the robes of the grandees), supplied them with a very comfortable maintenance.

A friendly intimacy had subsisted between our 'Three Wives' from their earliest years; and it so happened that their husbands were also upon terms of acquaintanceship and civility with each other. Francesca and Clara frequently exchanged visits, but the unfortunate Marina was seldom allowed to associate with her friends, unless her husband accompanied her; and as his presence was never very much coveted she had few opportunities of mixing in society. The husbands, to be sure, met sometimes at the theatre, the tennis-court, or when they were disposed to indulge in the game of *arguella*, (a game somewhat resembling English bowls), which was at that time extremely fashionable in Spain. On these occasions, as the wives did not, of course, accompany them, they had opportunities of associating with each other, and at such times Marina was accustomed to



complain to her companions, with much bitterness, of the persecution she endured from her husband's ridiculous jealousy, which rendered him almost suspicious of the lace upon her cap because it touched her face, and of the wind that blew across the street in which a man was walking. Her two neighbours commiserated her unhappy fate, (without being able to afford her any consolation), and in the true spirit of friendship referred her to time and patience for relief.

At one of these meetings their husbands happening to drop in, they all agreed to pass the evening in harmony together; and before they separated it was settled that they should make a party for the Thursday of the ensuing week, (the feast of St. Blas) and that they should all assemble in the meadows near St. Jerome's monastery, and spend the day in merry-making. The king having signified his intention of repairing in procession to Nuestra Senora de Atocha, it was naturally expected that there would be a great crowd to witness the cavalcade; and it was therefore agreed that they should accompany the royal suite, and then take a pic-nic dinner in the fields. It was not however without much and earnest entreaty that Signor Agraz, the husband of Marina, could be prevailed on to allow his wife to be of the party, and he probably only at length consented, because, as he was inclined to go himself, he was unwilling to trust her to her own discretion at home.

The gala day arrived, and after dinner the 'Three Wives of Madrid' were extremely busy in discussing the splendour of the dresses of those who formed a part of the king's suite, whilst their husbands were amusing themselves with their favourite game of arguella in a neighbouring garden, when Marina chanced to observe something shining very bright in a pool of water at no great distance from the place where they were sitting. 'What can that be,' cried she, 'that sparkles there so brilliantly? I declare it quite dazzles me to look at it.'

'Why,' rejoined the steward's wife, 'I should not be surprised if it were a diamond, for you know the ladies of the court are always walking here, and I dare say it is some jewel that one of them has dropped.'

During this colloquy, the painter's wife, who considered very properly that this was one of those cases in which one pair of hands is worth a dozen tongues, rushed from her seat in considerable haste, and having secured the prize, returned to her companions with a diamond ring of great value and beauty. A sharp contest immediately arose as to the comparative right of the three ladies to the possession of the jewel, which Marina claimed as her property by virtue of original discovery. Francesca was no less positive in asserting her title to the possession of it, on the ground of her having been the first who had been impressed with a conviction of its nature and value; whilst Clara, in addition to the merit of having soiled the fingers of her glove in redeeming it from the puddle, seemed to consider with the well-known maxim, that possession was nine points of the law; and supported in her determination by this very forcible argument, refused to give up the prize which fortune had thus thrown in her way. Their controversy at last grew so violent, that it would certainly have attracted the notice of their husbands, if the painter's wife, who as the depository of the ring was by far the most temperate of the trio, had not interfered.

'Ladies,' said she, 'the matter can be adjusted no other way than by selling the diamond, and dividing the proceeds of its sale amongst us;



and this had better be effected without the knowledge of our husbands, who, if they are aware of our good fortune, will put in their claims to a pretty large share of the money. Now the next question is, in whose custody shall the ring remain until an opportunity presents itself of disposing of it to advantage; and if you will give me leave, I will tell you how this part of the business may be managed. I see the Count de Crapesa, our neighbour, walking with some other gentlemen in yonder enclosure. We all know him to be a man of the strictest honour; and if you are agreeable, we will relate to him the circumstances of the case, and appoint him the umpire of our dispute.'

'With all my heart,' said Marina; 'but how shall I contrive to explain to him the situation in which I stand, at so short a distance from my husband, who can hear every thing that is said within a mile of him, if the conversation be one to which I am a party.'

Whilst the three ladies were engaged in discussing this knotty point, a cry arose among the by-standers of 'the king,' 'the king,' and it was announced that his majesty and his suite were then approaching the gate of Alcala, on their return from the shrine of our Lady of Atocha. Partaking of the general eagerness to meet the procession, the three husbands were among the first to join the crowd. This favourable opportunity enabled their spouses to refer their dispute to Count de Crapesa, in whose hands the ring was deposited, with a request that he would award it to her who appeared to him to have the best claim to it. Count de Crapesa, who was a wag, and comprehended the state of the case in a moment, replied very gravely: 'I doubt, fair ladies, I should have a most difficult task to perform, were I to attempt to discriminate between three persons of such surpassing merit; for were you all at my disposal, I protest, upon my honour, I should not know which of you to choose. However, if you still wish to make me the arbiter, and promise really to abide by my decision, I have a plan to propose, of which I earnestly hope you will approve. It is, that she who within a month of the present time shall contrive to play her husband the best managed and most ingenious trick, consistently, of course, with that honour and propriety of conduct which has hitherto distinguished you, shall receive not only the ring, but also a hundred pistoles, with which I will increase the premium from my own purse.' Each of our heroines was so confident of her own ingenuity, that no sort of objection was offered to this arrangement; and accordingly the Count took his leave, and put the diamond into his pocket. He had not quitted them many minutes when their husbands approached the spot where they were sitting, and as it was now growing late, the whole party returned to the city, where the desire of conquest, and the anxiety to secure the splendid prize in the custody of the Count de Crapesa, exciting the fertile invention of Senora Francesca, she planned the following singular imposture, the operation of which subjected her husband to no trifling portion of annoyance and alarm.

At no great distance from the residence of the steward Anselmo lived an astrologer, who enjoyed the reputation of being one of the most accurate calculators of a nativity in Madrid. Before Francesca's marriage this great personage had, it was reported, been among the number of her admirers; but since her union with Anselmo she had given him no opportunity of addressing her. In the present emergency, however, she contrived to renew her acquaintance with him, and finally to secure his



co-operation and support in the trick she was about to put upon her unsuspecting spouse. The learned cabalist, who would have undertaken to raise Beelzebub for Senora Francesca if she had desired it, readily assured her that all his professional skill should be at her service.

'Well,' said she, 'the affair in which I stand in need of your assistance is a mere carnival joke. I only want you to persuade my husband that you have discovered by the appearance of his natal star, that he will infallibly die in twenty-four hours.'

'Say no more, Madam,' replied the astrologer, 'make yourself perfectly easy, and rest assured that Senor Anselmo shall be as dead as a herring in his own opinion before the sun shall rise to-morrow.' He then bade her farewell without making any further inquiries as to her intentions. Her next step was to call upon Senor Agraz, whom she found abundantly willing to enter into any scheme, or act a part in any plot, that savoured of ill-nature and mischief, and who accordingly readily entered into her views, and promised to assist her as far as lay in his power.

The evening was far advanced, when, as the steward was returning from his master's palace to supper, he encountered the astrologer, who had been for some time on the look out for him. 'Why, Anselmo,' said the man of the stars, 'what, in the name of heaven, is the matter with you that you look so pale to-night. Are you ill, man?'

'Ill!' replied Anselmo, 'certainly not; I never was better in my life. I am somewhat fatigued to be sure, for I have been hard at work all the afternoon counting twenty thousand pistoles worth of silver, but I am well—quite well, I assure you.'

'It may be so,' ejaculated the astrologer, 'but you have a mighty cadaverous countenance for a man in good health notwithstanding. Allow me to feel your pulse.' Anselmo held out his wrist to his tormentor's grasp, who counted its movements for some time with a rueful and portentous aspect, and then sighing deeply, continued—'Had my long and earnest devotion to the divine study of astrology proved of no other service than that of enabling me to warn you of your present danger, I should think my time and trouble well bestowed. This is one of those occasions on which the counsel and sympathy of a sincere friend are positively invaluable. Do not suffer yourself to be needlessly alarmed, my worthy neighbour, but go home, and settle your affairs with all possible expedition; for die you must, and that too before another day shall have dawned over the city of Madrid. Be composed my excellent friend, and employ the few remaining hours of your existence in balancing accounts with your conscience.'

The poor steward, considerably alarmed, though somewhat incredulous as to the extent of the prophecy, forced a faint smile as he replied: 'I am infinitely obliged to you for your prognostic, but if it be not better founded than your meteorological calculations, I am likely to live a good many years yet; for I can swear upon the crucifix that your almanack never foretels a fine day on which (without due precaution) one is not sure of getting wet to the skin.' 'Out upon thee for an unbelieving Jew,' cried the teller of stars, 'you may grin if you please, I have performed my duty, and if his Satanic Majesty should surprise you before you have adjusted your roguish accounts, do not forget to remember that I warned you of his visit,' and having thus spoken the astrologer wished Anselmo a good evening, and turned upon his heel.

The superintendent of money-bags stood stock still for some moments



in a paralysis of astonishment; and having first diligently ascertained the exact rate of his pulse, and discovered that it was beating with the most perfect regularity, he began to stretch one by one all his limbs, and finally to feel the whole surface of his body. From the successful result of these experiments he drew the very natural conclusion that where there was no pain there could be no disease; and somewhat reassured by his distrust of the astrologer's prophetic powers, he walked home in tolerable good spirits, and desired his wife to hasten supper.

When, however, the viands smoked upon the board, the steward's appetite had totally deserted him, and after a long fit of abstraction, he expressed a wish to go to bed. Whilst he was unrobing himself he sighed piteously every now and then, and to the pressing inquiries of his wife as to the cause of his dejection, he replied that he had had an altercation with his employer which weighed in some degree upon his mind. Francesca pretended to console him, and the steward at length got into bed, but with very little inclination to sleep. He passed a miserable night, to the great entertainment of his wife; and rising soon after day-light feverish and unrested, hastened to his office, not a little delighted at the failure of his friend's predictions. On his return home towards evening, he met the vicar of his parish, with a friar, and two or three laymen, all of whom had been engaged by the painter in the conspiracy. 'What a melancholy circumstance is the sudden demise of poor Anselmo,' remarked the vicar. 'Aye,' replied the friar, 'only think of his having died without the benefit of the last consolatory duties of our order, unabsolved, and unforgiven, like a dog as he was. What a dreadful shock it must have been to his unfortunate wife, to find him stark and cold by her side when she awoke in the morning.' 'The worst of the business,' observed one of the lay-brothers, 'is, that he was duly warned of his danger by a learned astrologer, whose friendly auguries he was so obstinate as to disbelieve and despise; and he has now furnished an impressive example, which ought to operate upon all incredulous people, and teach them to avoid his miserable end; that of having departed this life like a brute, without having either confessed his sins, or endowed the most holy order of St. Iago with his ill-gotten wealth.' 'Yes, yes,' ejaculated a third, 'he has left a rich widow, who, if report be not a liar, would have no great wealth to boast of if every man had his own. *Voto a dios*, he was a consummate rogue; but come along, for it is too cold to loiter here gossiping about a rascally usurer, whose soul is doubtless at this moment undergoing a summary purification in purgatory.' Anselmo's first impulse was to stop these worthies, and inquire of them whether any person of his name had recently died; but they were already almost out of sight, and the bewildered steward sat down on the steps of a public-house in a paroxysm of shame, fear, and indignation. Having recovered from his reverie, he was about to proceed upon his way, when who should come down the steps upon which he had been sitting but the astrologer and the painter, who began to converse within his hearing.

'Such,' said the philomath, with a loud voice, and significant gesture, 'be the fate of all contemners of the divine science of astrology. He would not credit my assurance that he must die before day-break, I should like to know what he thinks of my prognostic now.' 'Very true, indeed,' rejoined the painter, 'and I trust his sins are forgiven him, for though I had a great esteem for him I believe him to have been one of the most accomplished



villains that ever existed. I always expected that his hot suppers and his debaucheries would send him to his long account some day or other in an apoplectic fit. He was of a full habit of body, poor devil; a thumping head and a short neck, and was in all respects just the subject for a sudden death.'

This was too much for the endurance of our sceptical major-domo. With his blood boiling in every vein he burst at once upon their colloquy, exclaiming with the voice of a stentor—'What is the meaning of all this, gentlemen? What right have you, I should be glad to learn, to preach your funeral orations over a man who is just as much an inhabitant of this world as you are. I would have you to know, senors, that I am alive, in a state of perfect convalescence, and likely to live many years, and confound your scandalous fabrications.'

His auditors did not await the peroration of his address. No sooner did they catch the sound of his voice than away they ran, crossing themselves in their transit, and manifesting at the same time the utmost consternation and horror. 'Mercy upon us,' cried the painter, 'Anselmo's ghost cannot rest for his ill-gotten pelf. Avaunt! unhappy spectre, resumed he, 'follow us not, but speak, and say what it is that troubles thee.'

With this adjuration they both disappeared, and the steward, ready to faint with alarm, had great difficulty in making his way to his own house, in the neighbourhood of which he encountered Senor Agraz, who, to speak the truth, had been in attendance there nearly an hour. The Senor, who had his part of the tragi-comedy by rote, no sooner caught sight of Anselmo than he staggered backward as if he had been shot. 'Blessed Spirits of Purgatory!' cried he, 'is this some dreadful illusion, or do I indeed see the shade of my ill-starred friend.' 'It is Anselmo himself, my dear Agraz,' said the perplexed and trembling major-domo, 'and no ghost, the saints be praised! What ails you, why do you cross yourself with such an extravagant shew of devotion?' Having said this he seized Agraz by the cloak to prevent his escape, after the fashion of his other tormentors, but the old man, dropping on his knees, began in great haste to untie the string which fastened it to his doublet, roaring aloud, 'Avaunt, evil spirit! Away, thou devourer of souls! I owe Anselmo nothing but thirty maravedis, that he won of me at arguella. If that is what you want, take my cloak and sell it, if you think proper. I disclaim all connection with a ghost who is shabby enough to come all the way from the other world to frighten his friend for so paltry a sum. He then jumped up, and ran off with extraordinary agility, leaving the steward as mad as any man has a right to be in a public highway.

'Why,' apostrophized Anselmo to himself, 'of what earthly use can it be to dispute the matter any longer; I am dead enough, there can be no doubt. Perhaps I am allowed to return to this world for a given time in order to dispose of my property, and settle my affairs. Heaven bless me, how is it that I know so little of the other world, that I have not yet seen the devil. Again, how happens it that I have got my every day apparel on as usual. This is a matter in which there can be no deception, for I know the musty smell of my poor old doublet too well to be mistaken in it. It is very odd too that I cannot remember any thing of the pangs of death. Perhaps I died suddenly; I think I remember to have heard it said that I did. Or is it after all merely some trick of this carnival season; and now I recollect, I seem to frighten nobody but my own acquaintance. But no! that will not do, for how should any one else be aware of my decease.'

The last of these consolatory reflections brought him to his own threshold. Finding the door shut, he knocked loudly, when his servant-maid, who was at least as cunning an impostor as her mistress, after a decent delay, inquired in a doleful tone of voice who was there.

'Open the door,' vociferated our peregrinating corpse, 'open the door.'

'Who is it,' rejoined the maid, 'that knocks at the gate of widowhood and mourning?'

'Open the door, you jade,' bellowed Anselmo, 'I am your master. Open the door, for it rains, and I am wet to the skin.'

'Oh would that it were indeed my poor master,' replied the girl; 'but alas he is deep enough under ground, poor man; and I am afraid it goes but hardly with stewards in the other world.'

She had scarcely time to finish this encomium upon her master's honesty, before his foot was applied to the door with such mortal force and dexterity, that the lock flew off into the passage, and it opened to its full width. The maid ran away screaming with all the strength of lungs of which she was mistress, and out of the parlour stalked Francesca in deep mourning, and feigning the greatest alarm at the disturbance. But no sooner had she perceived her husband, than with a loud shriek, and an exclamation of 'Heavens, what do I see!' she fell to all appearance insensible on the floor. The steward's doubts were now at an end, and he was most effectually convinced that he was dead. Delighted however with the demonstration of affection afforded him by his wife, he raised her from the ground with the utmost tenderness, and put her very carefully to bed, whilst the servant-maid ran up to her garret to laugh at her leisure. The defunct, who had not yet weaned himself from his earthly cravings, then began to be disturbed with certain terrestrial longings for his supper; and accordingly ransacked the pantry for provisions, and finding a loin of veal, and a bottle of wine, so far forgot his spectral character as to make a very hearty meal. Having ascertained that his powers of digestion were in no respect deteriorated by his decease, and that a glass of good wine continued to prove as grateful as ever to his palate, he made use of his time to such excellent advantage, that before two hours had elapsed, no animated mass of mortality, however propitious the circumstances in which it might be placed, could be more consummately drunk. He began to undress himself as well as he could; and after a good deal of serpentineing from one end of the room to the other, he at length made shift to stagger into bed, where he lay snoring like twenty thousand pigs until late in the ensuing day, dreaming of payments, purgatory, and the devil and all his imps.

In the meantime, his wife's friends called to inquire the progress of her affairs, when they learned from the servant maid how shamefully her master had degraded his ghostly character by his sensuality. The next day Francesca being convinced that there was no chance of her husband's waking in a hurry, got up and dressed herself in her accustomed attire, and then proceeded to remove every vestige of mourning from the chamber. Having done this, she repaired to his bedside and tweaking him heartily by the nose, with much difficulty contrived at last to awaken him.

'Do you ever mean to rise again?' said she, 'or is your last night's draught still in your brain? Get up, for shame, you are surely not going to lie here all day like a sot.' With this she pulled him half out of bed,



and he now began, for the first time, to notice with infinite astonishment his wife's metamorphosis and the calmness and self-possession of her manner.

'Why, what the deuce, Francesca,' cried he, 'are you dead too, my dear? Are we man and wife still? What disorder did you die of? But it is of no use asking you that question, for I swear (that is, if one may swear after death without offence) I neither remember when, where, or how I died. What brought our bed and this old cupboard to heaven? I suppose that when a man dies without making his will, his baggage is sent after him to the other world.' 'Upon my word,' rejoined Francesca, 'you are keeping Carnival with a witness to it. What nonsense is this you are raving about? Get up this moment, for your master the Grandee has already sent two messengers after you.'

'Pray, my dear,' returned the steward, 'am I not dead, and was I not buried yesterday?' 'Buried!' said his wife, 'I know of nothing that has been buried save the wine that you interred in your capacious stomach last night.' 'Very true, my love, I have a distinct recollection of what became of the wine, but I tell you I heard the vicar say that he had just performed the funeral service over my remains. I suppose you will not pretend to deny that you fainted away when you met me in the hall;—that you were in mourning, the maid in tears, and the house shut up. You cannot deny that I imagine, nor attempt to contradict me against the evidence of my own senses.'

'I have evidence enough that you are drunk,' retorted Donna Francesca; 'and to make short work of a long story, will you be pleased to go forthwith to your master the Grandee, for I can assure you he is extremely angry with you for your delay.'

'Ah my dear,' returned the steward, 'I am afraid my soul is in a pitiable condition if I am in that part of the next world appropriated to the accommodation of Grandees and stewards.'

'Have done with this nonsense,' cried Donna Francesca. 'Do not drive me mad with your absurdities, but get up and attend to your business.'

'I protest, my dear love,' said Anselmo, 'I have now been dead more than four and twenty hours, and I must have been buried nearly half that time, though I cannot pretend that I recollect much about it. However, ask our neighbour the astrologer—ask the maid—ask old Agraz—ask our friend the painter,—and if their evidence will not convince you—just try the effect of your own apparition upon them, for you are as dead as I am, if you could but be persuaded of it.'

'What folly is all this,' said Francesca. 'Do recollect yourself, you simpleton. Did we not sup together, and sleep together as usual, last night? What maggots have you got into your head about deaths and funerals? Casilda, (said she to the maid) go to our neighbour the astrologer, and beg him to favour your master with a visit, at his earliest convenience, for strong drink and bad company have absolutely disordered his intellects.'

Anselmo was now thoroughly puzzled to know whether he was yet in the flesh or not, but after mature deliberation he made up his mind that he was only permitted to return to this world for the purpose of winding up his affairs, and making his will. Whilst he was discussing with himself the propriety of this conclusion, the two principal actors in this ridiculous farce came into the room, and began to insist on his being in Madrid, and in his own house; nay, the astrologer went so far as to hint that if the

police should chance to hear of his behaviour he would certainly be sent to some asylum for lunatics. This insinuated threat had its proper effect upon the steward, who replied in an angry tone of voice, 'If I am not dead, as you think fit to assert, what necessity was there for your crossing yourself and running away in such a fright when you met me last evening?'

'I meet you last night!' rejoined the conjuror. 'Why, my good fellow, I have been locked up in my study the whole of the last week, endeavouring to discover a thief who has stolen a diamond from a lady of quality.'

'And as for me,' said the painter, 'there is not a monk in the monastery of St. Jerome who cannot testify that I have remained there day and night for the last fortnight, and I only came out to call upon you at your instigation.'

'Then I really seem to be going on from bad to worse,' replied the steward, who began to be apprehensive that his senses were really deserting him. 'Now, my worthy man of stars and almanacks, do answer me, did you not remark the ashy paleness of my countenance the night before last, and inform me that you knew by my looks I should die before sun-rise?'

'I!' emphatically rejoined the philomath, 'I have not seen you this week, and I do not care to have these liberties taken with my name and character. Father not your ridiculous dreams upon me, sir.'

'I have it, I have it,' exclaimed the steward; 'it was a dream sure enough. Hurrah! I must protest though, I was a little frightened! A dream; yes, yes, it was but a dream after all. By St. Jerome, if I find that I am really alive, you shall all have a capital dinner next Shrove-Tuesday.'

'Now you talk like a man of sense,' continued his tormentors, 'and if you will get up and dress yourself we will take a walk, and the fresh air will soon relieve you from the effects of the wine you have swallowed.'

Our incredulous major-domo did as he was desired; and encountering in the course of his walk the vicar and his associates, who feigning the most unqualified astonishment at his assertions, he began to be firmly convinced that he had been labouring under the delusion of a drunken dream. He kept his promise of the dinner very cheerfully, and then went into the country for a fortnight, to escape the raillery of his friends and acquaintance. When he returned, he informed his wife, to her great satisfaction, that he was determined to resign his agency, the toil of which was burdensome and oppressive; and that in future he meant to live like a gentleman upon his own property. The successful result of her plot induced Donna Francesca to consider the diamond ring as already hers; but when we have recounted the exploits of her rivals, our readers will be better able to judge how far she was correct in her estimate of her own ingenuity.

*(To be concluded in our next number.)*



## THE LÁDY AND THE MERLIN.

A PICTURE BY NEWTON.

GRACEFUL "Phantom of Delight!"  
 Glorious type of beauty bright,  
 Such as haunts the Poet's vision  
 When his dreams are all Elysian ;—  
 When his musing fancy brings  
 Shadows of all lovely things ;  
 And, famed Zeuxis' art excelling,  
 He hath formed a second Helen,  
 Wanting but the powers of speech,  
 From the glowing *traits* of each !

But she may not vie with thee !—  
 There's a sweet simplicity  
 Flitting 'round thine open brow,  
 Sporting on thy ripe lips now,  
 Mantling o'er thy maiden cheek,—  
 In hues that leave description weak,—  
 With a brightness all too real  
 For a poet's *Beau Ideal* !

Though an Angel's grace is thine ;  
 Though the light is half divine,  
 That with chastened lustre flashes  
 From beneath thine eye's dark lashes ;  
 Yet thy thoughtful forehead fair,  
 And thy sweetly pensive air,  
 Speak thee but of mortal birth,  
 An erring, witching child of earth ;  
 In each varied mood revealing  
 Human hope, and human feeling ;  
 Gladsome now,—now vowed to sorrow,—  
 Gay to day, if sad to morrow !

Huntress fair, the sport is over,  
 Wherefore chain thy feathered rover !  
 Rich indeed the prize must be  
 That may lure him far from thee !  
 What to him are hood and jesses  
 Tangled in thy glossy tresses ?  
 Dazzled by thy beauty's light  
 Can he plume his wings for flight ?  
 Fettered by a smile so bland,  
 Will he ever leave thy hand ?  
 No ; let him on thy beauty feed  
 And he'll no firmer fetters need !

A. A. W.

## THE LIVING POETS OF ENGLAND.—No. II.

WORDSWORTH.\*

WORDSWORTH may almost be termed *par excellence* the Poet of Nature; not merely from the number, but the perfect truth and beauty, of his descriptions of natural objects. 'There hangs,' says an accomplished critic now no more,—one of the very few from whom the poet in question has received worthy treatment;—'there hangs about the finest passages of some of the most able poets of our day, an air of force and artifice, which, however high our admiration of them in the closet may go, excludes them from our recollection when we are in the immediate presence of the sacred power from whence proceeds poetical inspiration: their lustre seems then to go out, like that of the most magnificent chandelier that ever was suspended from the roof of a palace, when exposed to the face of a starry sky. Wordsworth, however, never quits us on these solemn occasions: he is with us as one who has a right to be wherever there is a display of natural sublimity, grandeur, or beauty. He does not disturb the august silence, and secret influence of the spot one moment, by officious interference or overstrained invitations and excitements. His lines connect themselves more permanently and easily with the scenery of nature, and the workings of thought and passion, than those of his contemporaries and rivals. They strike on our minds at the moment of observation, like the light of day, to illustrate and embellish. The passage

Or, like a ship, some gentle day,  
In sunshine sailing far away,  
A glittering ship, that hath the plain  
Of ocean for her vast domain,—

furnishes an instance:—how perfectly, how musically, how gracefully, does it accord with the actual image of the thing represented! and at the same time how true and suitable is the sentiment which it adapts to the image, to give it a moral life, and an influence over the feelings. The sails of the brigantine in the sun, the stateliness of her port, her gentle yet commanding motion, as if master of herself and all about her,—her superiority over the expanse in which she moves, her singleness in it, her fitness for it,—all conspire to give to her the air and character of sovereignty.'

On the poet's habit of connecting the simplest and commonest images with the rarest, and often the most complicated thoughts and feelings, and on the folly of speaking of him as an author aiming at simplicity, the above-mentioned writer has so well observed, that we cannot do better than make his remarks our own. 'Wordsworth,' continues he, 'is fearless in the familiarity of his expressions, because he is conscious of the depth, grandeur, and importance of his sentiments. A flower gives him 'thoughts too deep for tears':—in the bright blue eggs of a sparrow's nest he sees 'a vision of delight,' and the colonade of the Louvre would not probably touch him so sensibly.' That people in general do not thus see, we admit; but they do not now laugh at Newton for gazing on soap bubbles in their flight. The very simplicity and apparent triviality of an object, when it falls in the way of a mind full of the order of nature, and of the associated recollections of

\* Concluded from page 22 of our last number.



life, will often cause it to excite the sensibility more quickly and powerfully than qualities of a high and rare cast. When nature hath 'linked to her fair works the human soul,' it will not fail to derive from even 'the daisy,' or the 'small celandine,'

Some apprehension ;  
Some steady love ; some brief delight ;  
Some memory that had taken flight ;  
Some chime of fancy, wrong or right,  
Or stray invention.

The writer of the foregoing remarks might have gone even further; he might have pronounced Wordsworth, in spite of the seeming triviality of his subjects, and the generally humble stations of his characters, to be in fact highly aristocratical; but then it is in the aristocracy of natures, and not of names, that his Muse delights. With the latter his poems are but sparingly gilded, whilst every page of them is full of the former. He has not made princes of peasants, but he has shewn that even peasants may have a princely soul: he has never attempted to break down the barriers which divide the ranks of society, but he has laboured effectually to obliterate the vain and futile distinctions which too often are allowed to divide man from man. With more philosophy, and in statelier language, he has advocated the doctrines which poor Burns throws out in his random but heart-stirring manner, in 'For A' That and A' That.'

The king can make a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;  
But an honest man's aboon his might,  
Gude faith he mauna fa' that !  
For a' that and a' that,  
Their dignities, and a' that,  
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,  
Are higher ranks than a' that.  
Then let us pray that come it may,  
As come it will for a' that,  
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
May bear the gree, and a' that.  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Its comin yet for a' that,  
That man to man the wide warld o'er,  
Shall brothers be for a' that.

Wordsworth regards man simply as man, distinct from the adventitious separations imposed by birth and fortune, and therefore he delights to point out how completely the principles, and powers, and passions, which sway the human mind in the highest ranks of life, influence it also in the lower. Exchange, says he

The Shepherd's frock of native gray  
For robes with regal purple tinged ; convert  
The crook into a sceptre ;—give the pomp  
Of circumstance, and *here* the tragic Muse  
Shall find apt subject for her highest art.

It may not be impertinent or idle here to remark the very different use which Wordsworth and Lord Byron have made of the same principle—admiration of Nature. It is nothing less than astonishing to read 'The Excursion' and 'Childe Harold' alternately, and observe, how systematically the two poets draw directly contrary inferences from the same position. The former never either describes or expresses his love for the various works of creation, without thence deriving a motive for 'peace and good will' towards his

fellow-men. Lord Byron, on the contrary, never eulogises external Nature without taking, or rather making occasion, to deride and degrade humanity. His lordship's Muse makes hating the world a necessary consequence of loving the green earth, with all its magnificent array of grandeur and beauty. It would occupy a very long paper to point out even a few of the passages in which the two poets have on this single subject brought forward their two leading principles—Love and Scorn. One, however, must suffice, and we would remind the reader that the writers are speaking in their own persons :

Is it not better then to be alone,  
And love Earth only for its earthly sake ?  
By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,  
Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake,  
Which feeds it as a mother who doth make  
A fair but froward infant her own care,  
Kissing its cries away as these awake ;—  
Is it not better thus our lives to wear,  
Than join the crushing crowd, doomed to inflict or bear ?

I live not in myself, but I become  
Portion of that around me ; and to me  
High mountains are a feeling : I can see  
Nothing to loathe in Nature, save to be  
A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,  
Classed among creatures, when the soul can flee,  
And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain  
Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in vain.

And thus I am absorbed, and this is life :  
I look upon the peopled desert past,  
As on a place of agony and strife,  
Where, for some sin, to Sorrow I was cast,  
To act and suffer.

LORD BYRON.

I cannot paint  
What then I was. The sounding cataract  
Haunted me like a passion : the tall rock,  
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,  
Their colours and their forms, were then to me  
An appetite : a feeling and a love,  
That had no need of a remoter charm,  
By thought supplied, or any interest  
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,  
And all its aching joys are now no more,  
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this  
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur ; other gifts  
Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,  
Abundant recompence. For I have learned  
To look on Nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes  
The still, sad music of humanity,  
Not harsh, nor grating, though of ampler power  
To chasten and subdue.

WORDSWORTH.

Admitting that the most valuable part of Wordsworth's poetry will not be that which will meet with the greatest number of admirers, there is a vast portion which, for strength, precision, and melody,—exquisite grace, whether of feeling or expression, must be admired by all that have ears to hear, and hearts to feel. Whatever difference of opinion may exist concerning 'The Idiot Boy,'—'Peter Bell,'—'The Waggoner,' and others of the same cast, which after all make up but a small portion of the volumes,



we could fill half a page with merely the names of poems, which require no argument to prove either their merit or their beauty. Much of Wordsworth's poetry is certainly peculiar, but how much more of it is general,—calculated for general perusal and general admiration. His Sonnets, upwards of two hundred in number, would, for the most part, delight even inveterate anti-Wordsworthians if put forth by any other writer; and the Episodes in 'The Excursion;' 'She was a Phantom;' 'The Highland Girl;' 'The Solitary Reaper;' 'The Remembrance of Collins;' 'Lines written in a Boat;' 'Hartleap Well;' the 'Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle;' 'Vaudracour and Julia;' would interest those who may be unable to appreciate his strains of a higher mood. Let us now make a few random selections;

What aspect bore the man who roved or fled,  
First of his tribe, to this dark dell,—who first  
In this pellucid current slaked his thirst?  
What hopes came with him? what designs were spread  
Along his path? His unprotected bed  
What dreams encompassed? Was the intruder nursed  
In hideous usages, and rites accursed,  
That thinned the living and disturbed the dead?  
No voice replies;—the earth, the air is mute;  
And thou blue streamlet, murmuring yield'st no more  
Than a soft record that whatever fruit  
Of ignorance thou might'st witness heretofore,  
Thy function was to heal and to restore,  
To soothe and cleanse, not madden and pollute!

Where lies the land to which yon ship must go?  
Festively she puts forth in trim array;  
And vigorous as a lark at break of day:  
Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow?  
What boots the inquiry?—Neither friend nor foe  
She cares for; let her travel where she may,  
She finds familiar names, a beaten way  
Ever before her, and a wind to blow.  
Yet still I ask, what haven is her mark?  
And almost as it was when ships were rare,  
(From time to time, like pilgrims, here and there  
Crossing the waters) doubt, and something dark,  
Of the old sea some reverential fear,  
Is with me at thy farewell, joyous bark!

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

Earth has not any thing to shew more fair:  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty:  
This city now doth like a garment wear  
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!  
The river glideth at his own sweet will:  
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

Fair is the swan, whose majesty, prevailing  
O'er breezeless water, on Locarno's lake,

Bears him on while proudly sailing  
 He leaves behind a moon illumined wake :  
 Behold ! the mantling spirit of reserve  
 Fashions his neck into a goodly curve ;  
 An arch thrown back between luxuriant wings  
 Of whitest garniture, like fir-tree boughs  
 To which, on some unruffled morning, clings  
 A flaky weight of winter's purest snows !  
 Behold !—as with a gushing impulse heaves  
 That downy prow, and softly cleaves  
 The mirror of the crystal flood,  
 Vanish inverted hill, and shadowy wood,  
 And pendant rocks, where'er, in gliding state,  
 Winds the mute creature, without visible mate  
 Or rival, save the queen of night  
 Showering down a silver light,  
 From heaven, upon her chosen favourite !  
 So pure, so bright, so fitted to embrace,  
 Where'er he turned, a natural grace  
 Of haughtiness without pretence,  
 And to unfold a still magnificence,  
 Was princely Dion, in the power  
 And beauty of his happier hour.

And hear how the same writer describes a poet's tomb ; the spirit of peace and solitude broods over every line :

GLEN-ALMAIN.

In this still place, remote from men,  
 Sleeps Ossian, in the NARROW GLEN ;  
 In this still place, where murmurs on  
 But one meek streamlet, only one :  
 He sang of battles, and the breath  
 Of stormy war, and violent death ;  
 And should, methinks, when all was past,  
 Have rightfully been laid at last  
 Where rocks were rudely heaped, and rent  
 As by a spirit turbulent ;  
 Where sights were rough, and sounds were wild,  
 And every thing unreconciled ;  
 In some complaining, dim retreat,  
 For fear and melancholy meet ;  
 But this is calm ; there cannot be  
 A more entire tranquillity.  
 Does then the Bard sleep here indeed ?  
 Or is it but a groundless creed ?  
 What matters it ?—I blame them not  
 Whose Fancy in this lonely spot  
 Was moved ; and in this way expressed  
 Their notion of its perfect rest.  
 A convent, even a hermit's cell,  
 Would break the silence of this dell :  
 It is not quiet, is not ease,  
 But something deeper far than these :  
 The separation that is here  
 Is of the grave ; and of austere  
 And happy feelings of the dead :  
 And, therefore, was it rightly said,  
 That Ossian, last of all his race !  
 Lies buried in this lonely place.

Nevertheless, if we wished to give a stranger to Wordsworth's poems the most delightful impression of them, we should, perhaps, as a whole, select 'Yarrow Visited.' There are others much finer ; the Lines on Cora Linn



breathe a softer energy; those to his 'Infant Daughter,' and to a 'Child, Six Years Old,' are more completely removed from the beaten track of poetry; 'Laodamia' is statelier; 'Ruth' is at once more pathetic and more picturesque; 'Tintern Abbey,' and the 'Ode to Duty,' are more profound; but upon 'Yarrow Visited' is shed a harmony, a beauty, a delicacy, and a grace, unmatched amongst its fellows. It is too long for entire quotation, but a few verses we must copy:—

And is this—Yarrow?—*This* the stream  
Of which my fancy cherished,  
So faithfully a waking dream,  
An image that hath perished?  
O! that some minstrel's harp were near  
To utter notes of gladness,  
And chase this silence from the air,  
That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why?—a silvery current flows  
With uncontrouled meanderings;  
Nor have these eyes by greener hills  
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.  
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake  
Is visibly delighted;  
For not a feature of those hills  
Is in the mirror slighted.

But thou, that didst appear so fair  
To fond imagination,  
Dost rival in the light of day  
Her delicate creation:  
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,  
A softness still and holy;  
The grace of forest charms decayed,  
And pastoral melancholy.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom;  
For sportive youth to stray in;  
For manhood to enjoy his strength;  
And age to wear away in!  
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,  
It promises protection  
To all the nestling brood of thoughts  
Sustained by chaste affection!

I see—but not by sight alone,  
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee;  
A ray of Fancy still survives—  
Her sunshine plays upon thee!  
Thy ever-youthful waters keep  
A course of lively pleasure;  
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,  
Accordant to the measure.

The vapours linger round the heights,  
They melt—and soon must vanish;  
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—  
Sad thought! which I would banish,  
But that I know, where'er I go,  
Thy genuine image, Yarrow!  
Will dwell with me—to heighten joy,  
And cheer my my mind in sorrow.

It is perpetually objected that Wordsworth's characters have no variety, inasmuch as they are almost invariably drawn from the better specimens of mankind; a family likeness of worth, usefulness, and peace, may be

discerned among them, but not more than the counter family likeness of darkness and desperation observable in all Lord Byron's heroes. In our last we gave a few of Wordsworth's female portraits; we will now add to the collection a few of his male ones, worthy of the association:—

As if within his frame  
Two several souls alternately had lodged,  
Two sets of manners could the youth put on;  
And, fraught with antics as the Indian bird  
That writhes and chatters in her wiry cage,  
Was graceful, when it pleased him; smooth and still  
As the mute swan that floats adown the stream,  
Or, on the waters of the unruffled lake,  
Anchors her placid beauty. Not a leaf,  
That flutters on the bough, more light than he;  
And not a flower, that droops in the green shade,  
More willingly reserved.

Grey locks profusely round his temples hung  
In clustering curls, like ivy, which the bite  
Of Winter cannot thin; the fresh air lodged  
Within his cheek, as light within a cloud.—  
A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays  
And confident to-morrows,—with a face  
Not worldly-minded; for it bears too much  
Of Nature's impress,—gaiety and health,  
Freedom and Hope; but keen withal, and shrewd.  
His gestures note,—and hark! his tones of voice  
Are all vivacious as his mien and looks.  
Him might we liken to the setting sun  
As I have seen it, on some gusty day,  
Struggling and bold, and shining from the west  
With an inconstant and unmellowed light.—  
She was a soft attendant cloud, that hung  
As if with wish to veil the restless orb;  
From which it did itself imbibe a ray  
Of pleasing lustre.

If the poet has seldom pourtrayed the harsher features of human nature; if he has never excited our sympathies for crime, or selected his heroes from cap and feather desperadoes, who commit murder ungracefully, and confess it with an air; it has been from choice and conviction. He is not, as he expresses it,

*Inclined to treat*  
Of man degraded in his Maker's sight  
By the deformities of brutish vice;

and even when obliged to introduce characters who have swerved from the narrow path, he desires to single out those

Upon whose lapse, or error, something more  
Than brotherly forgiveness may attend.

The diction of many of our living poets is more splendid and striking, but of none will the diction generally bear such close and repeated examination as that of Wordsworth. Few words could be removed from his works without injury to the sense, and fewer need be added to complete it. His is never an ambitious style; beggarly ideas are ever arrayed in 'the purple and fine linen' of pompous phraseology: his very metaphors are characterised by chaste simplicity; and differ from metaphors in general as the Macedonian Phalanx did from the Persian Immortals,—the one, dependent on innate strength and dignity, the other, relying on exterior show and splendour. From his habits of close observation and severe



reflection, his language never degenerates into gaudy common-place; his lines have all a definite meaning and purpose; whether the reader coincide with them or not, the poems are, true to themselves, free from contradiction. Energy has been called the characteristic of Lord Byron's diction,—precision is certainly the distinguishing character of Wordsworth's. It is impossible not to be struck with the infinite number of felicitous phrases scattered through the *Excursion* and the *Lyrical Ballads*,—phrases that unite individual force with capability of general application. Thus, where he speaks of a forest at the approach of autumn, as

Unfaded, yet prepared to fade.

When he describes tender peaceful melancholy, as

That sweet mood when pleasant thoughts  
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

When the spectre of her husband first appears to Laodamia, and he graphically remarks by two words, the transition and its cause, from surprise and fear, to certainty and delight—

O terror! what hath she *perceived*?—O joy!  
What doth she *look on*?

Or compresses in one glorious line a description and illustration of poetry, by calling it

The vision and the faculty divine.

When he describes the excitation of spirits produced by a first spring morning—

I roamed in the confusion of my heart  
Alive to all things and forgetting all.

Or depicts a summer evening—

Quiet as a Nun—breathless with adoration.

Or contemplating a scene of overpowering magnificence, says,

Thought was not, in enjoyment it expired.

When he calls the cuckoo 'a wandering voice,' &c. speaks of a river 'gliding at his own sweet will,' of the 'old sea' inspiring 'reverential fear,—of the 'glory and the freshness of a dream,'—of the 'sleep that is among the lonely hills,'—of the stock dove 'brooding over his own sweet voice,'—of the 'deep contentment' in the vernal air,—he has expressed what no one acquainted with his words will ever express in any other, because none can be found more exquisitely appropriate to the things described.

But it is time, more than time, to bring these remarks to a close. Some who may have perused them will not scruple to pronounce us bigoted enthusiasts; of the latter title we are proud, the former we entirely disclaim. All Wordsworth's poems are not equally our favourites, there are some with which we are even dissatisfied; but when these make up so fractional a portion of his whole works, when the mass of excellence is excellence so exalted and unalloyed, it does strike us as little short of impertinence to examine such a sun merely to number its specks. On this point, a remark in the preface to his *Lyrical Ballads* fully expresses our feelings, and we shall therefore quote it. 'If an author, by any single composition, has impressed us with respect for his talents, it is useful to consider this as affording a presumption, that, on other occasions where we have been displeased, he, nevertheless, may not have written ill or absurdly; and further, to give him so much credit for this one composition as may induce us to review what has displeased us with more care than we should otherwise have bestowed upon it.'

Wordsworth, as was remarked at the outset of the last paper, is not popular; we may go further, and affirm, that in all probability he never will be;—but we confidently anticipate the arrival of a period, when the merits of this truly great poet will be so universally acknowledged,—we do not say appreciated—that people will no more think of ridiculing the *Excursion* than they would of decrying *Paradise Lost*.

## THE VIRTUOSO.

BY DR. AKENSIDE.\*

### I.

Whilom by silver Themis' gentle stream  
In London town there dwelt a subtle wight;—  
A wight of mickle wealth, and mickle fame;  
Book-learned and quaint—a Virtuoso hight!  
Uncommon things and rare were his delight;  
From musings deep his brain ne'er borrowed ease;  
Nor did he cease from study day or night;  
Until (advancing onward by degrees)  
He knew whatever breeds on earth, in air, or seas.

### II.

He many a creature did anatomize,  
Almost unpeopling water, air, and land;  
Beasts, fishes, birds, snails, caterpillars, flies,  
Were laid full low by his relentless hand,  
That oft with gory crimson was distained:  
He many a dog destroyed, and many a cat;  
Of fleas his bed, of frogs the marshes drained;  
Could tell us if a mite were lean or fat,  
And read a lecture on the entrails of a gnat.

### III.

He knew the various modes of ancient times,  
Their arts and fashions each of different guise;  
Their weddings, funerals, punishments for crimes,  
Their strength, their learning eke, and rarities;—  
Of old habiliments each sort and size,  
Male, female, high and low to him were known;  
Each gladiator, dress, and stage disguise:  
With learned, clerkly phrase, he could have shown,  
How the Greek tunic differed from the Roman gown.

### IV.

A curious medalist, I wot, he was,  
And boasted many a drawer of ancient coin;  
Well as his wife he knew each regal face  
From Julius Cæsar down to Constantine.  
For some rare sculpture he would often pine,

\* This admirable sketch has been presented to us by a friend, as a juvenile production of the poet Akenside. It has never, we are told, appeared in print before.—ED.



(As green-sick damosels for husbands do ;)  
 And when obtained, with blithe enraptured eyne,  
 He'd run it o'er and o'er with greedy view,  
 And look and look again as he would look it through.

## V.

His rich museum of dimensions fair,  
 With goods that spoke the owner's mind was fraught ;  
 Things ancient, curious, value-worth, and rare,  
 From sea and land, from Greece and Rome were brought,  
 Which he with mighty sums of gold had bought .  
 On these all times with joyous eyes he pored ;  
 And sooth to say himself he greater thought,  
 When he beheld his cabinet thus stored,  
 Than if he'd been of London's wealthy city lord.

## VI.

Here in a corner stood a rich scrutoire,  
 With many a curiosity replete ;  
 In seemly order furnished every drawer,  
 Products of art, or nature, as was meet ;  
 Air-pumps and prisms were placed beneath his feet,  
 A Memphian mummy-king hung o'er his head ;  
 Here phials with live insects small and great,  
 There stood a tripod of the Pythian maid ;  
 Above a crocodile diffused a grateful shade.

## VII.

Fast by the window did a table stand,  
 Where hodiern and antique rarities,  
 From Egypt, Greece, and Rome, from sea and land,  
 Were thick besprent of every sort and size ;  
 Here a Bahaman spider's carcass lies ;  
 There a dire serpent's golden skin doth shine ;  
 Here Indian feathers, fruits, and glittering flies,  
 There gums and amber found beneath the line,  
 The beak of Ibis here, and there an Antonine !

## VIII.

Close at his back, or whispering in his ear,  
 There stood a sprite ycleped wild Phantasy ;  
 Which, wheresoe'er he went, was always near :  
 Her cheek was wan, and roving was her eye ;  
 Her hair was wreathed with flowers of every dye ;  
 Her glittering robes were of more various hue  
 Than the fair bow that paints the cloudy sky ;  
 Or all the spangled drops of morning dew,  
 Their colour changing still at every different view.

## IX.

Yet in this shape all tides she did not stay,  
 Various as the chameleon that she bore ;  
 Now a grand monarch with a crown of bay,  
 Now mendicant in silks, and golden ore :  
 A statesman now equipped to chase the boar,

Or cowed monk lean, feeble, and unfed ;  
 A clown-like lord, or swain of courtly lore ;  
 A scribbling dunce in sacred laurel clad,  
 A papal father now, in homely weeds arrayed.

## X.

The wight whose brain the Phantom's power doth fill,  
 On whom she doth with constant care attend,  
 Will for a dreadful giant take a mill,  
 Or a grand palace in a pig-sty find ;  
 (Heaven save me from a sprite so cruel kind)  
 All things with vitiated sight he spies ;  
 Neglects his family, forgets his friend,  
 Seeks painted trifles and fantastic joys,  
 And eagerly pursues imaginary toys.

## STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

## I.

Oh there's still enough of joy for me  
 In this they call the world of sorrow,  
 And if to-day we are not free  
 From care, we may be by to-morrow.

## II.

Then why let pass the fleeting hours,—  
 The few that care forgetful leaves us ?  
 Let's seize the moments that are ours,  
 Ere some new woe the demon weaves us.

## III.

Why droop beneath the present ill ?  
 Will clouded brows bring quiet bosoms ?  
 Though dark the scene, remember still  
 Hope shews of future bliss the blossoms.

## IV.

Though Fortune frowns upon us, yet,  
 She frowns alike on all above us ;  
 Her slights our hearts may soon forget  
 With those we love, with those who love us !

## V.

Bring wine the stricken heart to cheer,  
 Bring with it music's softest measure ;  
 Bring love-inspiring woman here,  
 And let us give this hour to pleasure.

## VI.

For there's still enough of joy d'ye see  
 In this they call the world of sorrow ;  
 And if to-day we are not free  
 From care, we may be by to-morrow.

S. R. J.



## A CHAPTER ON DUNS.

Sir, remember my *bill*.—ARBUTHNOT.

A DUN has ever been to me an object of intense interest. From my earliest youth, *ab ineunte adolescentia*, metaphorical 'hot water' has been my habitual element, in which all the world knows that duns are as plentiful as whales in the Arctic seas, or herrings in the bay of Chesapeake. As I have enjoyed the greatest facilities of observation and experiment on these animals, I may, without vanity, pretend to some acquaintance with their natural history, and think myself well qualified to write a dissertation on them. Dun? *unde derivatur?* Johnson says from *dunan* (Saxon) to clamour. In this etymology I can by no means coincide. All duns are not vociferous, as I trust I shall be able to demonstrate in the sequel. This Johnson ought to have known from his own experience; but probably he had been assailed by a rattle-dun a little before he came to this word in his dictionary, and so was induced to adopt this suspicious derivation. I reject it, however, from its want of general applicability, and humbly propose two ingenious etymologies of my own. Dun, from *δυναμις*, *possum*, because a dun does his best, *fait tout son possible* to get his money; or, from the adjective expressive of the colours so called. I confess I am strongly prepossessed in favour of the latter conjecture by what Newton says on the subject: his words are—'We are not to expect a strong and full white, such as is that of paper; but some dusky, obscure one, such as might arise from a mixture of light and darkness, or from white and black, that is a *dun*.' Now this I take to be a complete description of the animal and his habits, as well as of the colour. 'We are not to expect a strong and full white' which applies to that part of a dun which, in zoological science, is usually termed the *bill*. This, as Sir Isaac well observes, is never completely white, but always marked with dark characters, and it often assumes a dusky hue, the result of neglect, or too frequent pecking. What the umquhile master of the mint says of the mixture of white and black expresses the dun to the very life; who always gives us every thing in black and white. In fact, the whole description completely tallies with all we know of the habits and characters of duns in general. The terms 'dusky' and 'obscure' express the gloomy looks and tenebrose demeanour of the dun, and the mixture of light and darkness marks the wavering, undecided character, the infirmity of purpose, which we often observe in these beings; a sort of insipid medium between saint and devil; a composition neither 'fish, flesh, nor good red-herring;'—so much for etymology.

The Dun, or 'Flagitator,' is a genus of the division Adhærentia, class Dammalia, order Boreana; this animal bears some resemblance to the human form, and possesses the faculty of speech, but not that of reason. The generic characters are:—bill length more or less; incisors remarkably sharp; claws perfectly retractile, as in the true carnivora, and capable of the most wonderful tenacity; face of great longitudinal extension; sight very acute. Many of the individuals of the different species are furnished with long red tails.

The first species which I shall notice is the Rattle-dun, or Flagitator Clamitans. This is a most pestiferous animal, but more noisy and troublesome than really dangerous. It is an inhabitant of all climates; but I

think it abounds more in France and Ireland than in this country. The mode of this animal's attack is by the voice. Its clamours are dreadful, and sometimes produce the most violent effect on weak nerves. The best way, when attacked by it, is to remain quiet, and offer it no opposition. It will soon exhaust itself by its own vociferation. If irritated by resistance, it will continue screaming for hours together, in the most horrible manner. The females of this species are far more numerous than the males, and infinitely more formidable.

The next species is the Flagitator Prolixus, or Long-winded Dun. This differs from the last specific variety, in being much less loud and noisy, but infinitely more tedious and persevering in its gabble. This animal deals in prosing narratives of immeasurable length and dulness. When it once begins, it is next to impossible to stop, or even interrupt it; it literally drowns its victims in a shower of talk, as the Pole-cat smothers its pursuers in a shower of another kind. For my own part, I cannot recommend any more effectual defence against a dun of this kind than patience, and cotton for the ears. The evil gives way only to this remedy, as gout is said to yield only to patience and flannel. Interruption only prolongs the nuisance. N. B. This animal sports a prodigiously long tail.

The Flagitator Mutus, or Silent Dun, unlike the two last species, speaks very little. But he makes up for this by the most truculent stare and ominous scowl that can be well imagined. Terror seems seated on his brow, and dark unutterable ponderings. He is not, however, so dangerous as at first sight might be supposed. His gloomy and fearful aspect is more generally indicative of constitutional surliness, and a sort of phlegmatic discontent at insolvency, than any settled ill-design, or deep rooted malevolence. The appearance of a dun of this kind, occasions at first, some very uncomfortable sensations, but custom, soon teaches us to regard him without uneasiness. Like *King Log*, he causes at first a most terrible fright, but after a while is apt to grow contemptible. The only danger, indeed, to be apprehended, is, that we should become too careless about him, and neglect all salutary precautions. For in spite of his usual quietism, his latent ferocity will at times break out, and incite him to peck most fatally with his bill. England is the native country of this species, though it is often found elsewhere.

The Flagilator Subridens, or Smiling Dun, is quite opposite to the last in external character. The countenance is invariably dressed in smiles, and melting compliments flow from the tongue like manna; an acute observer can, however, easily discover the smile of this dun to be nothing but the *risus sardonicus*, which Johnson somewhere admirably defines to be 'a distortion of the risible muscles, without any corresponding hilarity of the heart.' This animal is by far the most dangerous of the whole tribe, and ought to be shunned like a pestilence. He smiles amiably at the very moment he is about to play you the most scurvy tricks. A dun of this species entered my room one morning when I was sick in bed; and after condoling with me on the state of my health, and expressing the most ardent wishes for my recovery, dragged me out of bed, with the assistance of two other animals of the genus bailiff, and hurried me away to a loathsome den at some distance, to the manifest peril of my life. From this hole I did not escape for many days, nor without very considerable loss of blood, from the bite of a sanguivorous animal, which bears a very strong analogy to the Vampire-bat of the West Indies.



Another species is the Flagitator Tenax, or Adhesive Dun. This animal fastens on his unlucky victim, and sticks to him so closely, as to require the utmost violence to effect a separation. When you meet with a dun of this kind abroad, he seizes you by the skirt of the coat, or some other part of your dress, and generally accompanies you wherever you are going, uttering a sort of low inarticulate growl, in which you occasionally distinguish the words 'long due,' 'hard times,' 'much credit,' &c. &c. &c. If you receive a visit from him at your own house, you may think yourself fortunate if he leaves you within four hours. There are many ways, however, by which you may shake off these troublesome animals. You may sometimes leave them in the channel with good effect, when they attack you in the street; this may be done apparently without intention, while you seem to evade a jostling passenger on the other side. A friend, more good-natured than Fuscus Aristius, may sometimes preserve you, by carrying you off by main force. An excellent method is, to rush with your appendage into a thick crowd, or cross the street mid an impetuous torrent of carts and coaches; you are sure to lose him by this means, and it is ten to one if he does not break his neck in attempting to follow you. If you see him before he fastens on you, you may drive headlong against him, and push him down, without stopping to make an apology: this you will find a most effective application of the medical maxim, '*Veniente occurrere morbo.*' When he has actually seized you, you may feign sickness, run into a shop, and call for cold water, or begin to foam at the mouth like a mad-dog. Your persecutor will be off immediately. A mode near akin to this is to pretend that you are just recovered from a typhus fever, or other contagious disease; just landed from the West Indies, where you left the yellow fever at its height; or that you have brought over the plague in your breeches-pocket from Malta or Constantinople. If a dun of this tribe should enter your house, there are various modes by which he may be dislodged. You may smoke him out, as people do bugs, by heaping your fire with green wood. If it be in winter you may starve him out with cold, by keeping him in a room without fire; or (as Dean Swift once served a shoemaker) you may lock him up for some hours in your garden; or else you may place him in a strong draught of air, so that he shall infallibly catch the acute rheumatism, or some worse disorder. Menou, the French general, of Egyptian celebrity, once flung an animal of this kind out of a window at Naples; but I can scarcely recommend the adoption of this plan in England; it might be dangerous. Besides, the result of such an experiment could never be calculated upon with sufficient precision; and while you intended only a simple sprain, or slight dislocation, you might peradventure accomplish a compound fracture. Should this creature creep in on you after dinner, you may, if you like, make him drunk, and then have him removed by an arbitrary '*habeas corpus.*' If he comes to breakfast, infuse an opiate into his tea; or still better, a brisk cathartic. For my own part, I declare for the latter method; it was always pursued with great success by a general officer of my acquaintance, who was profoundly versed in the habits and character of the Flagitator.

N. B. Most of the plans recommended with this species, may be successfully followed with the others.

The last species which I shall notice is the 'Insinuator,' or Dun by Implication. This dun never makes a direct attack. He hovers gracefully around his prey in a multiplicity of concentric circles, describing the

periphery of the first at the greatest possible distance from the common centre, and gradually narrowing his revolutions, until he arrives at a point where it is just barely possible to draw a discernible line of circumference about the object of his attraction. This animal is neither very dangerous nor violent, but it is next to impossible to escape him.

I do not pretend to have enumerated here all the species, nor particularised all the habits of this tribe of animals; to do so would be to exceed the limits I have prescribed for this paper. It will be sufficient if, by this hasty sketch, I shall be able to awaken the attention of profounder naturalists to a branch of zoological science most undeservedly neglected.

A DUN-HATER.

---

### EPITHALAMIUM OF CUPID AND PSYCHE.

BY MRS. HENRY ROLLS.

#### I.

Twine, thou blushing rose-tree, twine  
With the luscious purple vine!  
Round the blooming myrtle rove,  
Form the bridal bower of Love!

#### II.

O'er the fresh and verdant ground  
Flora spreads her sweets around;  
Fair Pomona's blooming train;  
Bring the treasures of her reign.

#### III.

Whilst his nectar Bacchus pours  
O'er the cups in sparkling showers,  
Light attendant Cupids move:  
Deck the bridal feast of love!

#### IV.

Bright Apollo's lyre around  
Breathes its softest, sweetest sound!  
Hence, far hence, ye satyr train!  
Nor these spotless rites profane!

#### V.

Long had Psyche wandering strayed,  
Long had Cupid mourned the maid;  
All his woes, her wanderings o'er,  
See them joined to part no more!

#### VI.

See, from Hymen's sacred fane  
Come the happy bridal train!  
Round the god his torch's rays  
Spread the brightest purest blaze!

#### VII.

Hymen, friend of Love! 'tis thine  
Every transport to refine;  
O'er fair Psyche's blooming head,  
Now thy choicest influence shed!



## VIII.

Fondly twined their snowy arms,  
Blushing fair in downcast charms ;  
See the modest graces move,  
Friends of beauty, guards of love !

## IX.

Zephyr, playful by her side,  
Fans the timid graceful bride ;  
Lightly lifts her veil, and shews  
O'er the lily flush the rose.

## X.

Shews her eyes celestial blue,  
Shews her ringlets golden hue,  
Half her graceful form displays,  
Then playful shroud her from the gaze.

## XI.

All his darts now laid aside,  
Cupid moves in beauty's pride ;  
Mark his cheek's celestial red !—  
Envious roses droop your head !

## XII.

Bright his glittering ringlets flow,  
O'er his shoulders living snow ;  
Whilst he shakes his azure wings,  
Heavenly odours round he flings.

## XIII.

Now Venus o'er the nuptial bower,  
Wreathes the myrtle, vine, and flower ;  
Entwined, their mingled branches rove,  
And veil the bridal bower of love.

## THE MISTAKE.

## I.

That frown on your brow is alarming ;  
A lover might die at that air, Miss !  
But whether your sulky or charming  
I vow, by my life, I don't care Miss !

## II.

Because I have sung of a beauty  
With whom you have nothing to do Miss !  
Your glass, (how it swerved from its duty)  
Has taught you to think I meant you, Miss !

## III.

But banish that frown so alarming  
Your beau (if you've one) to befriend Miss !  
I said that *my* Mary was charming  
And there all *your* doubtings should end, Miss !

B.

## THE DEATH-WRESTLE.

A deadly feud subsisted, almost from time immemorial, between the families of M'Pherson, of Bendearg, and Grant, of Cairn, and was handed down 'unimpaired' even to the close of the last century. In earlier times the warlike chiefs of these names found frequent opportunities of testifying their mutual animosity; and few inheritors of the fatal quarrel left the world without having moistened it with the blood of their hereditary enemies. But in our own day the progress of civilization, which had reached even these wild countries—the heart of the North Highlands—although it could not extinguish entirely the transmitted spirit of revenge, at least kept it within safe bounds, and the feuds of M'Pherson and Grant threatened, in the course of another generation, to die entirely away; or at least to exist only in some vexatious law-suit, fostered by the petty jealousies of two men of hostile tempers and contiguous property.

It was not, however, without some ebullitions of ancient fierceness that the flame which had burned for so many centuries seemed about to expire. Once, at a meeting of the country gentlemen, a question of privilege arising, Bendearg took occasion to throw out some taunts aimed at his hereditary foe, which the fiery Grant immediately received as the signal of defiance, and a challenge was the consequence. The sheriff of the county, however, having received intimation of the affair put both parties under arrest; till at length by the persuasions of their friends—not friends by blood—and the representations of the magistrates, they shook hands, and each pledged his honour to forget—at least never again to remember in speech or action, the ancient feud of his family. This occurrence at the time was the object of much interest in the 'country-side;' the rather that it seemed to give the lie to the prophecies, of which many an highland family has an ample stock in its traditionary chronicles, and which expressly predicted that the enmity of Cairn and Bendearg should only be quenched in blood: and on this seemingly cross-grained circumstance some of the young men who had begun to be tainted with the heresies of the lowlands, were seen to shake their heads as they reflected on the tales and the faith of their ancestors; but the grey-haired seers shook theirs still more wisely, and answered with the motto of a noble house—'I bide my time.'

There is a narrow pass between two mountains in the neighbourhood of Bendearg, well known to the traveller who adventures into these wilds in quest of the savage sublimities of nature. At a little distance it has the appearance of an immense artificial bridge thrown over a wide chasm; but on a nearer approach, is seen to be a wall of nature's own masonry, formed of vast and rugged bodies of solid rock piled on each other, as if in the giant sport of the architect. Its sides are in some places covered with trees of considerable size; and the passenger who has a head steady enough to look down the precipice, may see the eyries of birds of prey beneath his feet. The path across it is so narrow, that it will not admit of two persons passing along-side; and indeed none but natives, accustomed to the scene from infancy, would attempt the dangerous route at all, though it saves a circuit of three miles. Yet it sometimes happens that two travellers meet in the middle, owing to the curve formed by the pass preventing a view across from either side; and when this is the case, one is obliged to lie down while the other crawls over his body.



One day, shortly after the incident above mentioned, a highlander was walking fearlessly down the pass, sometimes bending over to watch the flight of the wild birds that built below, and sometimes detaching a fragment from the top, to see it dashed against the uneven sides, and bounding from rock to rock, its sound echoing the while like a human voice, and dying in faint and hollow murmurs at the bottom. When the highlander had gained the loftiest part of the arch, he observed another person coming leisurely from the opposite side, and being himself of the patrician order, called out to him to lie down; the individual, however, disregarded the command, and the highlanders met face to face on the summit. They were Cairn and Bendearg; the two hereditary enemies, who would have gloried to have met in mortal strife on a hill side, turned deadly pale at this fatal rencontre. 'I was first at the top,' said Bendearg, 'and called out first; lie down that I may pass over in peace.' 'When the Grant prostrates himself before M'Pherson,' answered the other 'it must be with a sword driven through his body.' 'Turn back then,' said Bendearg, 'and repass as you came.' 'Go back yourself if you like it, I will not be the first to turn before a M'Pherson.' This was their short conference, and the result exactly as each had anticipated. They then threw their bonnets over the precipice, and advanced with a slow and cautious pace towards each other;—they were both unarmed. Stretching their limbs like men preparing for a desperate struggle, they planted their feet firmly on the ground, compressed their lips, knit their dark brows, and fixing fierce and watchful eyes on each other, stood there prepared for the onset. They both grappled at the same moment; but being of equal strength, were unable, for some time, to shift each other's position,—standing, as if fixed to the rock, with suppressed breath and muscles strained 'to the top of their bent,' like statues carved out of the solid stone. At length M,Pherson suddenly removing his right foot, so as to give him greater purchase, stooped his body and bent his enemy with him by main strength, till they both leaned over the precipice, looking downward into the terrible abyss. The contest was as yet doubtful, for Grant had placed his foot firmly on an elevation, at the brink, and had equal command of his enemy; but at this moment M'Pherson sunk slowly and firmly on his knee, and while Grant suddenly started back, stooping to take the supposed advantage, whirled him over his head into the gulf. M'Pherson himself fell backwards, his body hanging partly over the rock,—a fragment gave way beneath him, and he sank further, till catching with a desperate effort at the solid stone above, he regained his footing. There was a pause of deathlike stillness, and the bold heart of M'Pherson felt sick and faint. At length, as if compelled unwillingly by some mysterious feeling, he looked down over the precipice. Grant had caught with a deathlike gripe by a rugged point of a rock—his enemy was yet almost within his reach! his face was turned upward, and there was in it horror and despair, but he uttered no word or cry. The next moment he loosed his hold; and the next, his brains were dashed out before the eyes of his hereditary foe;—the mangled body disappeared among the trees, and its last heavy and hollow sound arose from the bottom.

M'Pherson returned home an altered man. He purchased a commission in the army, and fell bravely in the wars of the Peninsula. The Gaelic name of the place where this tragedy was acted signifies Hell's Bridge.



## THE LITERARY BORE.

There are many species of this great genus in this best of all possible countries; but the most intolerable, because the one you oftenest encounter, is the Bore Literary,—a gentleman who by lounging all day about booksellers' shops, and passing his evenings in blue-stocking and other second-rate literary society, conceives himself qualified to talk about books and authors, and privileged to inoculate all his acquaintance with the nonsense with which he abounds. If you have the misfortune to meet with one of these gentlemen who happens to be walking in the same direction with yourself, you may reckon upon being tormented all the way by his pointing out to you people whom you never saw as *Mr. Somebody*, with a name which you never heard before, and never wish to hear again.

The Literary Bore knows all the living authors—their habits and their *habitat*,—though he sometimes makes trifling blunders. The other day one of these worthy persons pointed out to me my own tailor as a celebrated reviewer—(I beg leave here to state *par parenthèse* that my tailor is not Mr. Place of Charing-cross, who is believed to be the only man in the profession equally qualified to *cut up* and to *cut out*)—and a respectable dealer in *Wigs*, as the writer of a long *diatribes* on the *Opposition*. Some months ago, I was curious enough to know something about Coleridge, whom I had not, up to that time seen; and I was informed by my Bore that he was a pale and thin gentleman who lived at Highgate, and took great quantities of laudanum and metaphysics. I remember running one day from the end of New Bridge-street, Blackfriars, up to Fleet-street, on the assurance of my Bore that Mr. Wordsworth was passing in that direction. I followed the illustrious Laker with a reverence even greater than that with which he says he regarded his own leech-gatherer; though for some time I could not behold his collar 'at distance, and far off his *skirts* adore.' At last near Temple Bar I overtook him; but though my friend was quite positive as to the identity of the person before us (as Reviewers say) with the author of the *Excursion* and other lively *jeux d'esprit*, I have always had some doubts on the matter in my own mind, for a little reason which I am going to state. Upon his getting near Temple Bar I observed him very dexterously transfer from the pocket of a stranger to his own a nice new Bandana handkerchief; now as I never heard that Mr. Wordsworth ever stole any thing either from people's pockets or poetry, I am of so charitable a disposition as to be inclined to think that the respectable person, one of whose feats I have just recorded, was not the 'noticeable man with dark grey eyes' commemorated by his friend Coleridge, but a man noticeable principally by the police. I happened once to be in Messrs. Taylor and Hessey's shop in company with a Bore, when a gentleman who occupies chambers in the Temple just over mine, and who is remarkable principally for being about seven feet high, came in. 'Do you know that gentleman?' said my Bore, in a gruff whisper—'that, Sir, is De Quincy, the famous author of the *Confessions of an Opium-eater*:—clever book, Sir—vastly eloquent; Taylor and Hessey have sold three editions of it, each of two thousand seven hundred and twenty-three exactly—neither less or more.' I have since been told that De Quincy is a very little fellow, and that there is a trifling error in my friend's statement of the sale of the book—whether to the advantage of the bookseller or the contrary, I shall not stop to inquire.



But the most intolerable of all nuisances, (next to being near a table all spread over with the new reviews, magazines, music, and poems, at a blue-stockings lady's evening-party,) is to be placed at dinner near a Bore who has a forty-goose power of gabbling about literary matters. Such a Bore shortens your life by remarks which you can scarcely support even with the aid of green glasses and hock—and still less when you are suffering under the double infliction of *ennui* and green-tea. He will tell you that Gifford was the author of the *Baviad* and *Mæviad*, and was moreover the editor of the *Quarterly Review*,—and that Mr. Campbell, who wrote the *Pleasures of Hope* and *Gertrude of Wyoming*, is the presiding genius of the *New Monthly Magazine*. He assures you (whatever you may hear to the contrary) that Lord Byron really wrote *Don Juan*: and though he thinks it a great pity that the *Memoirs* should have been destroyed, he consoles himself with the reflection that they will certainly some day or other be printed by Galignani, at Paris. He is convinced that Scott is the author of *Waverley*, &c. though he has seen part of a letter from that illustrious person to Miss Edgeworth, in which he denies it. However he puts little faith in this evidence against the Baronet; for this particular part of the letter happened to be covered by the seal: and it is quite uncertain whether the word *NOT* ever stood in that place. The words were—‘I certainly am—the author of these Novels.’—Now, as the Bore ingeniously argues—if the word *NOT* be supplied, this sentence contains an unquestionable disavowal of the Novels on the part of Sir Walter Scott. But as some people, he adds, have a strange habit of leaving a blank space for the seal, it is probable that in this case Scott, led away by custom, had followed the way of this wicked generation. He thinks it odd that both Scott and Byron should be lame,—although it is just as singular that they should both have had noses. Their lameness, he facetiously adds, never made their verses halt in the feet. He will inform you that Barry Cornwall and Geoffrey Crayon are fictitious names;—and that the *Tales of a Traveller* are now-a-days in no great danger of being believed—particularly the Ghost-stories. He asks you sily if you know who Tom Brown is that wrote the *Twopenny Post-bag* and *Fudge Family*, and tells you that the author is a cunning fellow to have concealed himself so long and so well under that name. He piques himself upon knowing how much money every author gets for every new book—but is of course always wrong. I have heard a Bore of this description maintain to a certain Author's face that 1500*l.* and not 1200*l.* were given for his last work: but the Author, with the modesty peculiar to his tribe, assured the Bore that he spoke rather from a knowledge of the *VALUE* than the *PRICE* of his book.

The Bore reads the new poems before they come out,—and under the pretence of giving you their beauties, he misquotes the very worst passages,—not yet having the Reviews to guide him in his selection. He is acquainted with all the Editors of all the Newspapers, and misapplies all their misinformation. He promises to tell you something new, and spoils all Jekyll's and Luttrell's best known puns in repeating them. He gives you some of his own bad jokes as the inventions of these eminent punning persons. If you praise the French mode of making coffee, he will cruelly rejoin—‘Ah! I have grounds for believing that ours is not so good,—as my friend Sam Rogers said the other day.’ He says with a mysterious air and *sotto voce* that Campbell is writing a new poem, to be published in quarto,—that he has read part of it, and that the scene is either in Europe, Asia, Africa,



or America, he is not quite sure which. He is particularly fond of preserving autographs of celebrated persons; all of which he thinks characteristic of the genius of the writer. He thinks Lord Byron's MSS. decidedly of a misanthropic cast, and in the true *pococurante* style, as if the noble Baron did not much care whether his letters were readable or not. He preserves as a valuable curiosity a note from Mr. Campbell, in which the celebrated author of Hohenlinden, &c. informs him that a sonnet of his to that unheard-of lady, the Moon, is decidedly rejected as a contribution to the New Monthly, as well as every thing that he would in future write. But I shall say no more in this place about the Literary Bore, lest I should be supposed to be myself the great Sublime I have been drawing.

[This paper, which, our correspondent informs us, has been printed in the only number of an obscure periodical ever published, seems to have been the origin of the long chapter on Bores in the *Janus*; or Edinburgh Literary Almanack].

---

### TO FORTUNE.

O Fortune! Long years have I borne uncomplaining  
 The scorn-wrinkled frown of thy fool-loving brow;—  
 Seen each hope sink beneath it,—each fair prospect waning,  
 But ne'er cursed thee in anguish of spirit till now!

I had hopes (who has not!) that thy hated dominion  
 Would release me, at length, from its heart-chilling blight;  
 They were vain! Though the brush of thy earth-sweeping pinion  
 Oft hath checked—it hath never assisted my flight!

Whilst *things*, garmented like me in vestments of clay,  
 Sons of meanness and mud, thou couldst lift to thy heaven;  
 For that *they* basely quailed to thy time-serving sway  
 For the sake of the boon thou couldst give,—and hast given!

Let them bask in thy day-beam, I envy them not;  
 Like the reptiles of Nile, were they sunned into birth;  
 Can the source of their splendour be ever forgot?  
 Can the slime of the land turn to wisdom and worth?

None can deem me of such:—tho' thou wouldst not allow me  
 To share in the smiles that seemed common to all;  
 To the idols of interest, thy power could not bow me,  
 Enchain my proud soul,—my firm purpose enthrall!

Yet I've prayed in my heart, with a miser's fond craving,  
 For the gifts in themselves I but scorned and despised:—  
 They may come—but 'twill be when they're not worth the having!—  
 The time is gone by when they might have been prized.

All pitiless demon! The die is now cast!  
 I can brave thy worst malice, and curse thee aloud;  
 My one deep thought of bliss thou hast breathed on—to blast;  
 The lone hope of my soul thou hast stirred—but to cloud!



## THE HALL OF SILENCE.

## AN EASTERN TALE.

On the banks of the sonorous river Tsampu, whose thundering cataracts refresh the burning soil, and sometimes shake the mighty mountains that divide Thibet from the empire of Mogul, lived a wealthy and esteemed Lama, whose lands were tributary to the supreme Lama, or sacerdotal emperor, the governor of the whole country, from China to the pathless desert of Cobi. But although his flocks and herds were scattered over a hundred hills, and the number of his slaves exceeded the stars in heaven, yet was he chiefly known throughout all the East as the father of the beautiful Zerinda. All the anxiety that Lama Zarin had ever experienced arose from the conviction that he must soon leave his beloved daughter; and the question was always present to his mind, 'who will guard her innocence when I shall have quitted her for ever?' The Lama was at this time afflicted with a dreadful malady, peculiar to the inhabitants of the country in which he resided, which threatened, in spite of all that medicine could do, to put a speedy period to his existence.

One day, after an unusually severe attack of his disorder, he sent for the fair Zerinda, and gently motioning her to approach his couch, thus addressed her:—'Daughter of my hopes and fears, heaven grant that thou mayest smile for ever; yet whilst my soul confesses its delight in gazing on thee, attend to the last injunctions of thy dying father: The angel of death, who admonishes and warns the faithful in the hour of sickness before he strikes the fatal blow, has summoned me to join thy sainted mother, who died in giving birth to thee. Yet let me not depart to the fearful land of death, and leave my daughter unprotected. Oh! my Zerinda, speak! Hast thou ever seriously reflected on the dangers to which thy orphan state must shortly be exposed, surrounded as thou wilt be by suitors of various dispositions and pretensions; some wooing, with mercenary cunning, thy possessions through thy person; others haughtily demanding both, and threatening a helpless heiress with their powerful love?' He then reminded his daughter that he had lately presented her with the portraits of several princes who had solicited an union with his house, which they had sent to her according to the custom of Thibet, where the parties can never behold each other till they are married; proceeded to give a brief outline of their various characters; and concluded by asking her which of all these mighty suitors she thought she should prefer? Zerinda sighed, but answered not. Lama Zarin desired her to withdraw, compare their several portraits, and endeavour to decide on which of the Lamas she could bestow her love. At the word LOVE Zerinda blushed, though she knew not why;—her father, who saw the crimson on her cheek, but attributed it to timidity, again urged her to withdraw, and be speedy in her decision. Zerinda replied with a smile—'My father knows that he is the only man I ever saw, and I think the only being I can ever love; at least my love will ever be confined to those objects which delight or benefit the author of my being;' and turning round, she continued, playfully, 'I love this favourite dog which my father so frequently caresses; I loved the favourite horse on which my father rode, until he stumbled, and endangered his master's life; but when the tiger had dragged my father to the ground, and he was delivered by his trusty slave, I LOVED Ackbar; and

since my father daily acknowledges that he saved his life, I LOVE Ackbar still.' Zarin heard her artless confession with a smile, but reminded her that Ackbar was a slave. 'But which of those Lamas who now demand my love has created an interest in my heart by services rendered to thee like those of the slave Ackbar? And yet I have not seen either his person or his picture; nor know I whether he be old or young—but I know that he saved the life of Lama Zarin, and therefore do I LOVE Ackbar.' The old Lama gently reproved his child for her freedom of expression; he explained to her that love was impious, according to the laws of Thibet, between persons of different ranks in society. Zerinda left her father, and as she stroked her favourite dog a tear trembled in her eye, from the apprehension that she might possibly be guilty of impiety.

About this time the slave Ackbar, who for his services had been advanced from the chief of the shepherds to be chief of the household, had an audience of his master; observing him to be unusually dejected, he declared that he himself had acquired some knowledge of medicine, and humbly begged permission to try his skill in a case in which every other attempt had proved unsuccessful. The Lama heard his proposal with a mixture of pleasure and contempt. The slave, nothing daunted by the apparent credulity of his master, proceeded—'May Lama Zarin live for ever!—I boast no secret antidote, no mystic charm, to work a sudden miracle; but I have been taught in Europe the gradual effects of alterative medicines; 'tis from them alone that I hope to gain at length a complete victory over your disease; and if in seven days' time the smallest change encourages me to persevere, I will then boldly look forward, and either die or conquer.' Lama Zarin assented, and from that day became the patient of Ackbar, whose new appointment of physician to the Lama, gave him a right to remain always in his master's presence, save when the beautiful Zerinda paid her daily visit to her father, at which times he was invariably directed to withdraw.

The first week had scarcely elapsed, when the Lama was convinced that his disease was giving way to the medicines of his favourite; his paroxysms indeed returned, but grew every day shorter in duration; and in proportion as Ackbar became less necessary in his capacity of physician, his company was so much the more courted by Zarin as an associate. He possessed a lively imagination, and had improved his naturally good understanding by travel in distant countries. Thus his conversation often turned on subjects which were quite new to his delighted master. They talked of the laws, religion, and customs, of foreign nations, comparing them with those of Thibet; and by degrees the slave became the friend and almost the equal of the Lama. Amongst other topics of discourse, the latter would frequently enumerate the virtues and endowments of his beloved daughter, whilst Ackbar listened with an interest and delight for which he was quite at a loss to account. On the other hand, the Lama, in the fullness of his gratitude, could not avoid speaking of the wonderful skill and knowledge displayed by the slave, nor forbear relating to Zerinda the substance of the various conversations which had passed between them.

It happened one day, when he had been repeating to his daughter the account which the physician had given him of European manners, that Zerinda blushed and sighed: her father entreated to know the cause of her emotion, when she confessed that he had so often mentioned the extraordinary acquirements of this young slave, that she could think of nothing else; and that in her dreams she saw him, and fancied he was a Lama



worthy of her love; then turning to her father, she asked, 'Oh, Lama, tell me, can my sleep be impious?' Zarin beheld her with emotion, and told her that she must think of him no more. 'I will endeavour to obey,' she replied, 'but I shall dream, and sleep will impiously restore the thoughts which I will strive to banish during the day.'

The Lama dreading the effects of the passion which he had himself kindled in his daughter's breast, resolved never again to mention in her presence the name of Ackbar; but this resolution was formed too late: love of the purest kind had taken possession of the maiden's heart, and whilst she struggled to obey her father, her sunken eye, and wasted form, proclaimed the strife of feeling in her breast.

It was impossible for Lama Zarin to conceal from his physician the sickness of Zerinda; and whilst he confessed alarm for his daughter's life, he plainly saw that he had too often described that daughter to his favourite; he saw, too, that which it was impossible for Ackbar to conceal; that he had been the fatal cause of a mutual passion between two lovers who had never seen, and but for him, would never have heard of each other. Thus circumstanced (even if the laws of Thibet had permitted the visits of a male physician) prudence would have forbidden his employing the only skill in which he now had confidence; but Zerinda, whose disease was occasionally attended by delirium, would call upon the name of Ackbar, and add, 'he saved the life of my father, and he only can save that of the dying Zerinda.'

Overcome by his daughter's agony, the afflicted father inwardly cursed the cruel laws of Thibet, and assured her that she should see the physician Ackbar. Zerinda listened with extasy to the voice of Zarin; and knowing that that which a Lama promises must ever be performed, the assurance fell like balsam upon her heart; but the Lama had not fixed the period when his sacred promise should be fulfilled, nor could he be prevailed on to do so till he had retired and weighed the consequences of what had fallen from his lips. The oftener he revolved the subject in his mind, the more the difficulties appeared to diminish, till at length he resolved to disregard the slavish prejudices and customs of his country.

Elated by the prospect of being enabled to secure the future happiness of two individuals so deservedly dear to him, he determined to ask the sanction of that higher power to which all the Lamas of Thibet are subject. He, accordingly, lost no time in despatching messengers to the grand Lama who resided at Tonker, and with whom his influence was so great that he had sanguine hopes of obtaining whatever he might request, even though the boon craved should be contrary to the existing laws of the country; and being unable to conceal the joy he felt at the consummation of happiness which awaited the lovers, he communicated to Ackbar the plan of future bliss which he had formed for him, and raised in the breast of the physician a transport of hope which neither his love nor his ambition had ever before dared to cherish. To Zerinda he promised that she should be withheld the sight of her lover but one week longer, or till the messenger should return from the great Lama at Tonker!

From this time the physician was no longer necessary; but the week appeared an age to the expecting hearts of Ackbar and the beautiful Zerinda.

Seven days having at length expired, the messenger arrived from Tonker with the following reply:—'The most Sacred Sultan the Sovereign Lama, who enjoys the life for ever, and at whose nod a thousand Princes



perish or revive, sendeth to Lama Zarin greeting ; report hath long made known at Tonker the beauty of the maid Zerinda ; and by thy messenger we learn the matchless excellence of the slave Ackbar. In answer, therefore, to thy prayer that these may be united, mark the purpose of our sovereign will, which, not to obey, is death, throughout the realms of Thibet. The lovers shall not see each other, till they both stand before the sacred footsteps of our throne at Tonker, that we ourselves may, in person, witness the emotion of their souls !'

This answer, far from removing their suspense, created feelings a thousand times more terrible. The Lama Zarin believed that it portended ruin to himself and family : he now reflected on the rash step which he had taken, and feared that his sanguine hopes had been deceived by frequent conversations with a stranger, who had taught him to think lightly of the laws and customs of Thibet. He again recalled to mind the grand Lama's bigotry and zeal, and knowing that he must obey the summons, trembled at his situation.

Ackbar was too much enamoured to think of any danger which promised him a sight of his beloved mistress ; and the only circumstance that occasioned him uneasiness was, lest the beauty of Zerinda should tempt the Supreme Lama to demand her for his own bride ; but Zerinda, whose thoughts were all purity, revered the Lama for his decree, and believed that it proceeded from his desire of being witness to the mutual happiness of virtuous love : with these sentiments she looked only with joy to the period of their departure, which was fixed for the ensuing day ; when they set out with all the pomp and splendour of an Eastern retinue.

After three days journey, during which the Lama Zarin sometimes travelled in the splendid palanquin of his daughter, and sometimes rode on the same elephant with Ackbar, dividing his attention between the conversation of each, but unable to suppress his apprehensions or dissipate the fears of his foreboding mind, the cavalcade arrived at Tonker, and proceeded without delay to the tribunal, which was held in the great ' Hall of Silence.' At the upper end of this superb apartment sat, on a throne of massive gold, the Supreme Lama ; before him, at some distance, were two altars, smoking with a fragrant incense ; and around him knelt a hundred Lamas, in silent adoration, (for in Thibet divine honours are paid to the Supreme Lama, who is supposed to live for ever, the same spirit passing from father to son). To this solemn tribunal Lama Zarin was introduced by mutes, from an apartment directly opposite to the throne, and knelt in awful silence between the smoking altars. At the same time, from two doors facing each other, were ushered in Ackbar and Zerinda, each covered by a thick veil, and accompanied by a mute, both of whom fell prostrate before the throne. A dreadful stillness now prevailed,—all was silent as death,—whilst doubt, suspense, and horror, chilled the bosoms of the expecting lovers. In this fearful interval the throbbings of Zerinda's heart became distinctly audible ; her father heard them, and a half-smothered sigh stole from his bosom, and resounded through the echoing dome. At length the solemn, deep-toned voice of the Supreme Lama uttered these words : ' Attend ! and mark the will of him who speaks with the lips of heaven ; arise ! and hear ! know that the promise of a Lama is sacred as the words of Allah, therefore are ye brought to behold each other, and in the august presence, by a solemn union, to receive the reward of the love which a fond father's praise has kindled in your souls, and which he having promised, must be fulfilled.



Prepare to remove the veils. Let Lama Zarin join your hands, and then embrace each other ; but on your lives utter not a word ; for know that in the ' Hall of Silence ' 'tis death for any tongue to speak save that which utters the decrees of heaven !'

He ceased ; and his words resounding from the lofty roof, gradually died upon the ear, till the same dreadful stillness again pervaded the Hall ; at length on a given signal the mutes removed their veils at the same moment, and exhibited the beauteous figures of Ackbar and Zerinda. They gazed in speechless rapture on each other, till by another sign from the throne the father joined their hands ; and Ackbar, as commanded, embraced his lovely bride ; while she, unable to support this trying moment, fainted in his arms. It was now that her lover, unmindful of the prohibition, exclaimed—' Help, my Zerinda dies !' Instantly the voice from the throne ejaculated with dreadful emphasis, ' Ackbar dies !' upon which two mutes approached with the fatal bow-string, and, seizing their victim, fixed an instrument of silence upon his lips, whilst others hurried away the fainting Zerinda, insensible to the danger of her lover ; but the Lama Zarin, unable to restrain the anguish of his soul, cried out with bitterness—' If to speak be death let me die also ; but first, I will execrate the savage customs, and curse the laws which doom the innocent to death for so trivial an offence ' He would have proceeded, but the tyrant's slaves surrounded him and prevented him from uttering another word. Silence being restored, the Supreme Lama again vociferated—' Know, presumptuous and devoted wretches, that before ye brake that solemn law which enjoins silence in this sacred presence, ye were already doomed to death ! Thou, Lama Zarin, for daring to degrade the holy Priesthood of Lamas, by marrying thy daughter to a slave ; and thou, Ackbar, for presuming to ally thyself with one of that sacred race. The promise which Lama Zarin made was literally fulfilled ; these daring rebels against the laws of Thibet, have seen and been united to each other ; and the embrace which was permitted was doomed to be the last. ' Now, therefore,' added he, addressing the mute, ' perform your office on Ackbar first.' They accordingly bound their victim, who was already gagged, to one of the altars, and were about to fix the silken string upon his neck, when they on a sudden desisted, and prostrating themselves before Ackbar, performed the obeisance which is paid only to the heir of the sacred throne of Tonker. A general consternation seized all present, and the Supreme Lama, descending from his throne, approached the victim, on whose left shoulder (which had been uncovered by the executioner), he now perceived the mystic characters by which the sacred family of Thibet are always distinguished at their birth. When he beheld the well-known mark, the voice of nature confirmed the testimony of his eye-sight, and falling on the neck of Ackbar, he exclaimed—' It is my son, my long lost son ! let him speak : henceforth this place shall no longer be called the ' Hall of Silence,' but ' the Hall of Joy,' for in this room will we celebrate to-morrow the nuptials of Ackbar and Zerinda !'

The history then goes on to explain this singular event by relating that some Jesuit Missionaries who had gained access to the capitol of Thibet, in their zeal for their religion, had found means to steal the young heir to the throne, then an infant ; hoping to make use of him in the conversion of his father's people ; but in their retreat through the great desert of Cobi, they had been attacked by a banditti, who slaughtered them all, and sold the young Lama for

a slave. He had served in the Ottoman army,—he had been taken by the Knights of Malta, afterwards became servant to a French officer, with whom he travelled through Europe; he finally accompanied him to India; there, in an engagement with the Mahrattas, he had been again taken prisoner, and sold as a slave to some merchants of Thibet; by this means he came into the service of the Lama Zarin, without knowing any thing of his origin, or the meaning of the characters he bore on his left shoulder, and which had been the cause of effecting this wonderful discovery.

The history concludes with an account of the nuptials of Ackbar and Zerinda. Their happiness was unexampled; for the lessons which the young Lama had learned in the school of adversity, and the observations he had made in the various countries through which he had travelled, prepared him to abolish many of the cruel and impious customs which had till then disgraced the legislature of Thibet,

P.

---

### A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

At length her griefs have drawn the lines of care  
 Across her brow, and sketched her story there;  
 And years of keenest suffering dried the stream  
 That lent her youthful eye its liquid beam.  
 A mild composure to its glance succeeds;  
 Her gayest look still speaks of widow's weeds;  
 Her smile is one of patience not of ease,—  
 An effort made to cover not to please;  
 Whilst grief with thorny pencil, day by day,  
 In silence delves the flagging cheek away;  
 Chases the bloom that peaceful thoughts bestow,  
 To spread instead the sullen tints of woe;  
 And where the magic dimple used to start,  
 In early wrinkles writes—a broken heart!  
 Perchance the casual, undiscerning gaze  
 That never read a history in a face,  
 In the gay circle might suppose her gay,  
 Nor mark the nascent traces of decay;  
 But oh! to those whose nicer feelings take  
 The fine impression that a look can make,—  
 Who, skilled by sorrows of their own, descry  
 The prisoned secret lurking in the eye,—  
 As weeping captives at their windows pine,—  
 To them there is a voice in every line.  
 The brow, by effort raised, to seem serene;  
 Round every smile the circling wrinkle seen;  
 The sudden cloud that comes to pass away,  
 Chased by a cheerless struggle to be gay;  
 At certain words or names, the quick short sigh,  
 And when neglected long the absent eye,  
 That seems on images, long past, to fall,  
 Unconscious of aught else—will tell them all,  
 But few among the selfish, busy, gay,  
 Permit a quiet face to stop their way;



A face that holds no lure, no tribute seeks,  
 Demands no homage—nothing strange bespeaks ;—  
 That looks as hundreds looked that they have known ;  
 Just marked enough to call some name its own.  
 Ay, few in folly's course can check their speed,  
 The simple lines of character to read ;  
 Or, if they pause, the rude unfeeling eye,  
 The cold inquiry—contumelious sigh,  
 And all the world's gross pity can impart,  
 Are caustic to the festers of the heart.

---

 MY RETREAT.

## I.

No, no, I was not made for mirth,  
 For Fashion and its toys,  
 And yet I find upon this earth,  
 Enduring, precious joys ;  
 The revel, and the lighted hall,  
 A Paradise may be,  
 Where Pleasure weaves a coronal  
 For some—but not for me.

## II.

Yet chide I not that Beauty's glance  
 Should beam so brightly there,  
 And Youth, grow blyther in the dance,  
 And Love, more fond and fair ;  
 Nor yet that Age, should catch the glow  
 Of radiance, pleasure-born,—  
 As Alpine mountains, crowned with snow,  
 The rose tints of the morn.

## III.

NATURE—meek mother—changeless friend—  
 As beautiful, or wild,  
 O whither but to *thee* should wend,  
 A world-worn, weary child ?  
 For thou can'st calm each passion rude,  
 Bid bosom-tempests cease,  
 Thou, and thy sister Solitude,  
 Twin ministers of Peace !

## IV.

Long have I known thee—long have found,  
 My last, best, bliss in thee ;  
 And would I have the spell unbound,  
 That made, and keeps me free ?

No, no,—let hearts untried and gay,  
 Seek happiness in mirth,  
 O blame them not—a summer day  
 Hath every spot of earth.

## V.

But I will love mine own retreat,  
 And call my dwelling fair ;  
 Although for classic gaze unmeet,  
 'Tis beauteous—PEACE is there !  
 Mine own retreat!—No more I roam,  
 Or worldly treasure crave,  
 Since I have found, for life, a home,  
 And after death, a grave !

June, 1825.

M. J. J.

## STANZAS.

Oh ! that I had the wings of a dove that I might flee away and be at rest.

So prayed the Psalmist to be free  
 From mortal bonds and earthly thrall ;  
 And such, or soon or late, shall be  
 Full oft the heart-breathed prayer of all ;  
 And we, when life's last sands we rove,  
 With faltering foot and aching breast,  
 Shall sigh for wings that waft the dove  
 To flee away and be at rest.

While hearts are young and hopes are high,  
 A fairy scene doth life appear ;  
 Its sights are beauty to the eye,  
 Its sounds are music to the ear :  
 But soon it glides from youth to age,  
 And of its joys no more possessed,  
 We, like the captive of the cage,  
 Would flee away and be at rest.

Is ours fair woman's angel smile,  
 All bright and beautiful as day ?  
 So of her cheek and eye the while,  
 Time steals the rose and dims the ray ;  
 She wanders to the Spirit's land,  
 And we with speechless grief opprest,  
 As o'er the faded form we stand,  
 Would gladly share her place of rest.

Beyond the hills—beyond the sea,—  
 Oh ! for the pinions of a dove ;  
 Oh ! for the morning's wings to flee  
 Away, and be with them we love :—  
 When all is fled that's bright and fair,  
 And life is but a wintery waste,  
 This—this at last must be our prayer :  
 To flee away and be at rest !

J. M.



## RETRIBUTION.

## A TALE.

It was a bright autumnal evening, and I had carelessly flung the reins upon my horse's neck, whilst wrapped in perturbed and interrupted reveries, I traversed the wild and almost interminable sands on the north-west coast of England. On my left, a succession of low sand-hills, drifted by the partial and unsteady blast, skirted the horizon,—their summits marked, in an undulating and scarce broken outline, upon the red and lowering sky. Behind them, I could hear the vast and busy waters rolling onwards like the voice of the coming tempest.—Here and there some rude and solitary hut rose above the red hillocks, bare and unprotected. Not having any object at hand of known dimensions from which to estimate their real magnitude, my eye sometimes exaggerated these forms upon my mind into almost gigantic proportions. As twilight advanced the deception increased, and starting occasionally from a keen and lacerating thought, I beheld some huge and turreted fortress, or pile of misshapen battlements rising from beyond the hills, like the grim castles of romance, or the air-built edifices of fairy land. Night was fast closing in upon me. I was alone, out of the beaten track, and a perfect stranger in this deserted and thinly peopled region.

The road, if such it might be called, threading the mazes through an infinite accumulation of low hills, and consisting of a loose and even shifting bed of dry sand, grew every yard more and more perplexed, and I soon found that I had only the superior sagacity of my steed on which to depend for safety, and eventual extrication from this perilous labyrinth. Had it been broad day-light, there appeared no object by which I could have directed my course,—no mark by which I might have ascertained whether or not my path was in a right line or a circle. I seemed to be rambling through an interminable succession of wide amphitheatres, formed by the sand hills, every one bearing so great a resemblance to its neighbour that I could not recognize any decided features whereon to found a distinct impression of their individuality. Night now came on heavy and dark. Not a star was visible. I seemed to have passed the habitations of men; whichever way I turned not a light was perceptible,—all token of fellowship with my kind had vanished, no sound save the heavy plunge of my horse's feet, and the hollow moan of the sea broke the unvarying stillness that oppressed me. I was by this time perfectly roused from my lethargy, and painfully conscious of the perils by which I was surrounded.

The wind rustled amongst the dry bent and rushes thinly scattered through my track, and I gazed, expecting some horrible form to start from the grim void, when suddenly a distant shout came on the blast;—I listened,—again it was audible, and evidently more distinct, at the same time indicating a nearer and more rapid approach. Presently the voice seemed to rise over a low hill to my left, in the direction of the sea, and appeared to descend with surprising rapidity immediately opposite to where I stood. My blood froze—an icy chill crept over me as the words rung in my ear—*'Murder! murder!'*—It was not like any sound partaking of humanity, but an unearthly, and if I may so express it, a sepulchral scream, like a voice from the grave, or what might be imagined arising from some vault,

as the chasm opened, and the grim tenants shrieked horribly from their rolling sleep. The voice was now rapidly approaching,—the same appalling word, but in deeper and more terrific accents. I silently committed myself to the protection of heaven, and awaited the fearful moment when this terrible visitant should pass by. I felt a degree of comparative composure from the assurance that I was in the keeping of a Power whose greatness can only be exceeded by his willingness and capacity to save. Yet, it was a condition of intense agony, an anticipation that almost prevented the free exercise of the bodily functions. I appeared to labour for breath,—my brain throbbed wildly, in rapid and irregular pulses. Vivid corruscations flashed across my eyes from the rush of the vital fluids in that direction. They still, however, continued fixed on the spot from whence the sound seemed to issue, now too evidently advancing towards the precise situation in which I stood. Still no form was perceptible betokening any connexion with this supernatural visitant, for such I felt confident it was, nor voice, nor motion, save the yell of *murder* repeated in pauses of short but uncertain duration.

The invisible phantom still approached, and the space between us was, as I now conceived, diminished to a very short distance. I clung closer to my steed; nature, recoiling from the contact, prompted me instinctively to attach myself to any thing that had life. I felt a temporary relief even from the presence of this poor animal, who I could distinctly perceive shuddering yet fixed to the spot, apparently unable to resist the influence of some terrible fascination that bound him.

The voice was now within a very few paces of me,—the horrible moment was at hand. Alone I had to cope with the EVIL ONE. Perchance the doomed victim of some diabolical agency. Almost in my ear the stunning yell now rushed, and I felt the clammy breath of the grave creep across my face. The vision rose, apparently ascended from the very place whereon I stood, and the cry came with more intense agony the higher it proceeded,—more sharp and vehement was the shriek of *murder*. Emboldened by its apparent recession, or inspired by some higher intelligence with additional courage, I summoned up sufficient energy to cry out with a loud voice, ‘Where in the name of——.’ Scarcely had I uttered the last word when a loud rushing cleft the air, and a stunning crash followed, as of some heavy body falling at my feet. The horse burst from his bonds, galloping off at full speed. I stood alone. Whether it was the stupor arising from excess of terror, or something more akin to courage, by which I was impelled, I cannot now determine, but in this appalling extremity I approached the object of my fears. I bent to the ground. I stretched out my hand, and my finger rested on the cold and clammy features of a corpse! I well remember a deep groan bursting from my lips. Nature had attained to the extremity of endurance. I felt a sudden return of blood to the heart, and fell beside my ghastly companion, as helpless, and probably as insensible.

I have no means of ascertaining the duration of this torpor, but with returning recollection I again put out my hand, and again it rested on the cold and almost naked carcase beside me. I felt roused by the touch, and, starting on my feet, the moon at this instant emerged from a dark pile of clouds, streaming full on the features of a blood-stained carcase, pale and distorted as if by some horrible death. Terror prompted me to fly. I ran as if the wind had lent me its wings, not daring to look back lest the grisly form I had just left should be in pursuit.



I fled to a considerable distance, the moon just enabling me to follow the beaten track which, to my great relief, brought me suddenly at the turn of a high bank, within sight of a huge fire, gleaming fiercely from the narrow window belonging to a hedge alehouse. Bursts of hilarity broke from the interior. The voice of revelry and glee came upon my ear, and I started like one just waking from some hideous dream. It was as if I had heard the dead laugh in their cold cerements. The boisterous roar of their mirth made me shudder, as I stepped across the threshold, and by the astonishment and alarm visible in the countenances of the guests, my appearance seemed to present something as terrible to their apprehensions. Probably from the pallid hue and wildness of my features, marked with an expression of horror I tried in vain to subdue, they imagined I had either seen a ghost or came there for the purpose of imparting some disastrous and unwelcome intelligence. Every eye became intently fixed upon me, as I took my seat by a vacant table, and I heard whisperings, with suspicious glances occasionally directed towards the place where I sat. The company now beginning to get the better of their consternation, were evidently not pleased at so unseasonable an interruption of their mirth. I made an effort to speak, and with difficulty succeeded in making them comprehend the cause of my alarm, at the same time carefully concealing the supernatural incidents that accompanied the discovery. I requested their assistance in removing the body, promising, if possible, to conduct them to the very spot where the wretched victim was thrown. They stared at each other during this dreadful announcement, and at the conclusion I found every one giving his neighbour credit for the requisite portion of courage, but at the same time declining to participate in the peril of the undertaking.

‘Gilbert, ye tow’d me ye stood i’ the kirk-yard with your shoon-bottoms upmost, to look for the wench ye were to wed through the windows,—Ise sure ’at ye’ll make no bawk at a bogle.’

‘Luk thee, Jem, I cannot face the dead, but I winna show my back to a live fist, the best an’ biggest i’ a’ the country side. Wilt smell my laddy?’

Gilbert, mortified at the proposed test of his prowess, raised his clenched hand in a half-threatening attitude, and a serious quarrel might have commenced, had not a sudden stop been put to the belligerents by an interesting girl stepping before me, and modestly inquiring where I had left the corpse, offering at the same time to accompany me herself, if these puissant cowards could not muster sufficient courage. ‘Shame on ye, Will, she cried, directing her speech to a young man who sat in the shadow of the projecting chimney, ‘ye didn’t use to be o’erfaced man, by a hard word or two; Ise going, follow that dare!’ Saying this she took down a huge horn lanthorn, somewhat dilapidated in the outworks, and the semi-transparent material burnt in various hieroglyphical devices, causing a most unprofitable privation of light. A bonnet and cloak was drawn hastily on, when, surrendering the creaking vessel into my care, she paused for a moment, to examine the state of the weather ere she felt herself in readiness to depart. During these ominous preparations, a smart sailor-like looking man, whose fear of incurring his mistress’s displeasure had probably overcome his reluctance to the encounter, stepped between me and the girl, and, taking her arm, crustily told me if I could lead the way he was prepared to follow. Rather an intricate undertaking for a stranger, who scarcely recollected whether his way lay right or left after crossing the very threshold. Thus admirably capacitated for a guide, I agreed to make



the attempt, being determined to spare no pains in the pursuit. Company breeds courage. Several of the guests finding how matters stood, and that the encounter was not likely to be made single-handed, volunteered their attendance; so that I found some five or six stout fellows in my train, ere I had proceeded a dozen paces. The vanguard consisted of myself and the two lovers, the rest crept close in the rear, and in as broad a rank as the nature of the ground would permit. Luckily, I soon found the jutting bank, round which I had turned on my first view of the blazing interior I had just left. We marched onwards in silence, if I except an occasional whisper from one of the rearmost individuals, talking to his more fortunate neighbour in front, when he found his courage on the wane. Following for some time what appeared to be the marks of recent footsteps, I hoped, yet almost feared every moment, that I might stumble on the cold corpse of which we were in search. Suddenly I was alarmed by a person in the rear crying out that he saw something approaching us from his right, at the same time making a desperate attempt to take up a more advantageous position in front. This produced a universal uproar, each fighting for precedence, and each as thoroughly determined not to be the last. Finding that remonstrance had not the least chance of producing the desired effect, I turned aside in the direction to which the alarmist pointed, and the next minute I was overjoyed to find my recreant steed, quietly searching amongst the tufted moss and rushes for his supper. My companions knew not what to make of this fresh discovery. Some of them I believe eyed him with deep suspicion, and more than one glance was directed to his hoofs to see if they were not cloven. Order, however, being re-established, we again set forward with what proved a very useful addition to our train. We travelled in this manner to a considerable distance, and I was hesitating whether or not to give up the search when I was again aware of the peculiar snort by which my horse had on a former occasion manifested his terror. With difficulty I got him forward a few paces, when he stood still, his head drawn back as if from some object that lay in his path. My blood grew cold. I knew the cause of his terror, and bidding one of the attendants to secure the bridle, I proceeded onwards a few paces, followed by the maiden and her lover, who, to give him his due, showed a tolerable share of courage, at least, in the presence of his mistress. I immediately recognised the spot, and there unmoved, lay the bloody carcase. The girl started back when she beheld the grim and ghastly features, horribly drawn together, and convulsed in their last agony. We raised the body from its cold bed, throwing it across the horse, though not without a determined opposition on the part of the animal, who seemed extremely loth to receive his burden. After covering it with a cloak, we made the best of our way back to the tavern, followed in silence by the affrighted helpmates of our journey. On arriving at the house, I found the only vacant apartment wherein I could deposit my charge, was a narrow loft over the outhouse, the entrance to which was both steep and dangerous. With the assistance of my two friends, it was, however, safely deposited on a miserable pallet, and covered with a tattered blanket. When returned I found the guest-room deserted; the old woman to whom the tavern belonged, the mother of my female companion, was hastily removing the drinking utensils, and preparing for an immediate decamp to the only apartment above stairs fitted up as a bed-chamber. She kindly offered me the use of it for the night, but this piece of self deprivation I could



not allow; and, throwing my coat over a narrow bench, I drew it near the fire, determining to snatch what little repose I could without robbing the good woman and her daughter of their night's comfort.

It was now past midnight, but sleep was out of the question, as I lay ruminating on the events of the few past hours. The inexplicable fate of the murdered wretch, so mysteriously committed to my care, was manifestly, as I thought, an imperative call to the discovery of some foul and horrible crime. Providence had, from wise, but inscrutable motives, made use of the supernatural in its revelation of the deed, and I, apparently, was chosen as the agent for the accomplishment of its designs. A higher tone of feeling seemed to pervade my faculties,—a strength of mind to which I had hitherto been a stranger. My spirit seemed strung to the pitch of some mighty enterprize, and I resolved, when day returned, that the necessary steps should be taken; determining to compass sea and land, ere I relaxed in the pursuit.

So absorbed was I in my project, that I scarcely heard the storm which had so long threatened, now bursting forth, until one wild gust that seemed to rush by as if it would have swept the dwelling from its foundation, put an end to these air-built anticipations. I watched the rattling casements, expecting every moment they would give way, and the bending thatch be rent from its hold. Involuntarily I arose and approached the window. It was pitchy dark, but the roar of the sea, groaning under the terrific sweep of the tempest, was truly awful. Never had I heard so terrible a conflict,—nature seemed approaching to her doom,—the insatiable demons of anarchy and ruin, let loose uncontrolled upon the wide elements, urging a relentless war on the defenceless and impotent objects beneath their power. I knew not how soon I might be compelled to quit my unstable shelter. The very earth shook, and I expected every gust would rase the frail tenement to its foundations. The eddying and unequal pressing of the wind had heaped a huge sand drift against the walls, which probably contributed, in some measure, to their support. Vast accumulations of gravel and earthy matter were driven about, and tossed with frightful impetuosity against the casement, so that I almost anticipated a living inhumation; the cottage ere morning rendered invisible under a heap of rubbish, the *debris* of earth and ocean. The next blast, however, swept away the greater portion of the loose deposit, and made room for a fresh torrent that poured upon the quaking roof, like the rush of a heavy sea over a ship's bulwarks.

I was not doomed to be left companionless in the midst of my alarms. The old woman, accompanied by her daughter, too much terrified to remain alone, came down from their hiding-place, which being closer to the thatch, was more exposed to the fierce beat of the tempest. A light was struck, and the dying embers once more kindled into a blaze. The old woman, whom I could not but regard with emotions of awe and curiosity, sat crooning over the flame, her withered hands half covering her furrowed cheeks,—a starting gleam occasionally lighting upon her grey and wasted locks, that hung matted in wild elf-knots about her temples. Often she would turn her head, as the wind came hurrying on, and the loud rush of the tempest went past her dwelling; she seemed to gaze upon it as though it were peopled, and she beheld the 'sightless couriers of the blast' careering in the storm; then, with a mutter and a groan, she again partially covered her face, rocking to and fro to the chant of some wild but unintelligible ditty. Her daughter sat nearly motionless, hearkening to every



turn of the blast; and as it came bellowing on, she appeared to shrink, and huddled closer into the chimney-corner, into which she had crept for protection.

'Such nights are not often known in these regions?' said I, taking advantage as I spoke of a slight abatement in the din without.

The old woman made no answer; but the daughter bending forwards as she spoke, replied slowly, and with great solemnity, 'Mother has seen the death-lights dancing upon the black scud—Some that ha' seen the sun gang down upon the waters, winna see him rise fro' the hill-top i' the ruddy mornin!' 'Is your mother a seer, then, my pretty maiden?' 'Ye're but a stranger, I guess, 'at does'nt ken Bridget o' the Sandy-holm. Save us, she's hearkening again for the'—

'There—over'—the old woman raised her hands whilst she spoke, and bent her head in the attitude of attention and eager expectation. I listened too, but could discover no other sound than the heavy swing of the blast and its receding growl.

'Again!'—as she said this, Bridget rose from the low stool she had occupied, and hobbled towards the window. I fancied I then heard a signal given, as from some vessel in distress; but ere I could communicate this to my companions, another, and a nearer roll from the fatal gun, silenced all conjecture. It was indeed but too evident that a vessel was in the offing, and rapidly driving on the shore, from the increasing distinctness of the signals. Old Bridget stood by the window, her dim and anxious eyes peering through the casement, as if she could discern the fearful and appalling spectacle upon the dark billows.

'You're lost—you're lost—poor wretches,' she cried, as a heavy roll of the wind brought another report with amazing distinctness to the ear. 'And now the death-shriek,—another—another!—Ye drop into the deep waters, and the gulf is not yet gorged with its prey. Bridget Robson, girl and woman, has never seen the blue dancers, but she has heard the sea-gun follow, and the red sand covered with the spoil! 'Wench,' she cried, raising her voice almost to a scream, 'wench, take not of the prey; 'tis accursed—what the wave spews, they that lick may be like to vomit.' The beldame drew back after uttering this coarse anathema, and again resumed her station by the hearth.

The storm now seemed to have spent its fury; and as if satisfied with the catastrophe just now consummating, it grew comparatively calm. The gusts came on fitfully, like the closing sobs of some fretful and peevish babe, not altogether ceasing with the indulgence of its wishes. As I stood ruminating on the probable havock this terrible night had witnessed, the maiden touched my arm. 'Sir, will ye gang down to the shore? Ise warrant the neighbours are helping, an' we may save a life though we canna gie't.' She had wrapped herself in a thick cloak, the hood thrown forward, and the lanthorn again put into requisition, and fitted up for immediate service. Thus accoutred, we opened the door with considerable difficulty, and waded slowly through the heavy sand-drifts towards the beach; clouds, huge, and mountain-piled were rolling across the sky; a dark scud sweeping over their huge tops here and there, faintly illuminated by the moon. She was yet obscured, but a wild and partial light, usually seen after the breaking up of a storm, just served to shew the outline of objects not too remote from the sphere of vision. My companion undertook the office of guide, and soon brought me to an opening in the



low hills that led directly down to the beach. Immediately I saw lights before us moving to and fro, the busy hum of voices came upon the wind, and forms were indistinctly seen hurrying backwards and forwards upon the very verge of the white foam, boiling from the huge billows. Hastening to the spot, we found a number of fishermen, their wives assisting in the scrutiny, carefully examining the fragments of some vessel which the waves were from time to time casting up, and throwing with heavy lunges upon the shore. Either for purposes of plunder, or ostensibly for some more honest motive, several packages were conveyed away, after the parties had prudently examined their contents. My companion ran into the thickest of the group, anxiously inquiring the fate of the crew, and if any lives had been preserved. 'I guess,' cried an old hard-featured sinner, 'they be where they'll need no looking to. Last blast o' wind, six weeks ago come St. Barnaby, I gied my cabin to the lady and her babies, an' the pains I waur like to ha' got for my labour. I didn't touch a groat till the parson gied me a note out o' the 'scription. But I may gang home gaily to-night, there's no live lumber here to stow into my loft; the fishes ha' had the pick o' the whole company this bout.'

'Canna we get the boats? I can pull an oar, Darby, thee knows, wi' the best on 'em.' 'Boats!' exclaimed Darby, 'ne'er a boat could live, but wi' the keel upmost. I'se not the chap neither to go to old Davy pickled i' brine broth, my bonny Kate.'

'There's a greedy glid; I'se go ask Simon Stockfish, but I warrant thou'll be hankering after the reward, an' the biggest share to thy own clutches.' She turned away from the incensed fisherman, and on proceeding to a little distance, we found a knot of persons gathered round a half-drowned wretch, who owed his arrival upon terra firma to having been lashed to a beam which the sea had just thrown ashore. Almost fainting from cold and fatigue, he was nevertheless undergoing a severe cross-questioning from the bye-standers, each anxious to know the name of the ship, whither bound, and the particulars of the disaster. He replied to their interrogations with considerable difficulty, and entreated they would convey him to some place of rest and refreshment. I begged of them to restrain their impertinent curiosity, and assist in removing him to the hut I had just left. The call was obeyed with considerable alacrity, and I soon had the satisfaction of finding the poor fellow before a comfortable fire, his clothes drying, and his benumbed limbs chafed until the circulation was again restored. A tumbler of grog was now despatched, and he appeared rapidly recovering from his fatigues. I now found that he was the captain of the vessel just wrecked on the coast, and he shook his head when I inquired after the fate of her crew.

'A score of as good hands are gone to the bottom as ever unreefed a clean topsail, or hung out a ship's canvass to the wind. I saw them all go down before I lashed myself to the jib-boom.'

He groaned deeply, but speedily assuming a gayer tone, requested a quid and a quiet hammock. 'My lights are near stove in, my head hangs as loose as a skipper shrouds; but a night's sleep will make all taught again.' Old Bridget was gone to bed, and unless the sailor chose to occupy the straw pallet at present in the possession of a guest, whose mysterious arrival seemed to be the harbinger of confusion and disaster, there did not seem to be any chance of his obtaining a birth, save in his present uncomfortable settlement. I told him of the dilemma we were in from



having a corpse in the house, and the only spare bed engaged in the last services to the departed.

'We can move the body fro' the bed,' said Kate; 'it winna take harm upo' the hard chest i' the far nook there, beside the ladder; he'll may-be not sleep waur for quiet company.'

The sailor did not seem to relish the idea even of so tempting a companion, and it was eventually agreed that we should pilot him through the outhouse into the loft, where the dead body lay, and help the miserable pallet to a change of occupants. The corpse was to be stowed below upon some clean litter, the depot of bedding left for the cattle.

We set off without loss of time to conduct the stranger to his dormitory. It was an outhouse used as a temporary shelter for the cows, and the room above was formerly a portion of the hay-loft, until converted into an occasional sleeping-room for the humble applicants who sometimes solicited a night's lodging at the Sandy-holm. The ascent was by a crazy ladder, and so steep, that I was afraid we should find some difficulty in helping our enfeebled guest into his lodging.

It was my intention to have prevented him from getting a sight of the ghastly object that occupied his couch, but, pressing foremost, he ran up the ladder with surprising agility, gaining the top almost ere I had commenced my preparations for the ascent. I cautiously mounted, and giving him the light whilst I made good my landing, he went directly, though unconsciously, towards the bed. I had set my foot on the floor, and was offering assistance to Kate, who had to contend with the difficulties without the aid of her favourite lanthorn, when I heard a dismal and heart-sickening shriek. Starting round, I beheld the stranger gazing on the couch, his eye-balls almost bursting from their sockets, and the most intense expression of horror and amazement visible in his countenance. I ran to him--the light dropped from his grasp. Recovering it ere it fell, I saw his eyes fixed upon the corpse, as if they were rivetted on its livid and terrific features. My limbs stiffened as I gazed,--Imaginings of strange import were crowding on my mind, but I knew not how to shape the ideas into form, as I stood trembling and appalled, before the dark chaos from whence they sprang. Though scarce knowing what I said, I well remember the inquiry that burst from my lips. 'Know'st thou that murdered wretch?' The words were scarcely uttered, when the conscience-stricken criminal exclaimed--'Know him!--Yesterday he sat at my helm--I had long owed him a grudge, and I vowed revenge--the devil prompted it--he stood at my elbow--it was dark--the fiend's eye flashed as I raised my arm for the blow--the weapon descended with a heavy crash, and the body rolled overboard! He never spoke again, save once, it was when his mangled carcase rose to the surface of the waters, that I heard a faint moan. It rang on my my brain like the knell of death--the voice rushed past--a low sepulchral shout--in my very ear it echoed the cry of MURDER!

Little now remains to be told--he persisted to the last in this confession--he had no wish to live--and the avenging arm of retributive justice closed the world and its interests for ever on a wretch who had forfeited its protection, been cast out, and judged unworthy of a name and place amongst his fellow men.



## THE TRANSPORT.

Having received the 'Janus, or Edinburgh Literary Almanack,' too late in the month to be enabled to include any extracts from it in our last number, we are induced to supply the deficiency in our present publication. The following article may, be regarded as a very favourable sample of the work :

The great eye of day was wide open, and a joyful light filled air, heaven, and ocean. The marbled clouds lay motionless far and wide over the deep-blue sky, and all memory of storm and hurricane had vanished from the magnificence of that immense calm. There was but a gentle fluctuation on the bosom of the deep, and the sea-birds floated steadily there, or dipped their wings for a moment in the wreathed foam, and again wheeled sportively away into the sunshine. One Ship—only one single Ship—was within the encircling horizon, and she had lain there as if at anchor since the morning light ; for, although all her sails were set, scarcely a wandering breeze touched her canvas, and her flags hung dead on staff and at peak, or lifted themselves uncertainly up at intervals, and then sunk again into motionless repose. The crew paced not her deck, for they knew that no breeze would come till after meridian,—and it was the Sabbath-day.

A small congregation were singing praises to God in that chapel, which rested almost as quietly on the sea as the house of worship in which they had been used to pray then rested far off, on a foundation of rock, in a green valley of their forsaken Scotland. They were Emigrants—nor hoped ever again to see the mists of their native mountains. But as they heard the voice of their psalm, each singer half forgot that it blended with the sound of the sea, and almost believed himself sitting in the kirk of his own beloved parish. But hundreds of billowy leagues intervened between them and the little tinkling bell that was now tolling their happier friends to the quiet house of God.

And now an old grey-headed man rose to pray, and held up his withered hands in fervent supplication for all around, whom, in good truth, he called his children—for three generations were with the patriarch in that tabernacle. There, in one group, were husbands and wives standing together, in awe of Him who held the deep in the hollow of his hand,—there, youths and maidens, linked together by the feeling of the same destiny, some of them perhaps hoping, when they reached the shore, to lay their heads on one pillow,—there, children hand in hand, happy in the wonders of the ocean,—and there, mere infants smiling on the sunny deck, and unconscious of the meaning of hymn or prayer.

A low, confined, growling noise was heard struggling beneath the deck, and a sailor called with a loud voice,—“Fire—fire,—the Ship's on fire !” Holy words died on the prayer's tongue—the congregation fell asunder—and pale faces, wild eyes, groans, shrieks, and outcries, rent the silence of the lonesome sea. No one for a while knew the other, as all were hurried as in a whirlwind up and down the Ship. A dismal heat, all unlike the warmth of that beautiful sun, came stiflingly on every breath.—Mothers, who in their first terror had shuddered but for themselves, now clasped their infants to their breasts, and lifted up their eyes to heaven. Bold brave men grew white as ashes, and hands, strengthened by toil and storm, trembled like the aspen-leaf. “Gone—gone,—we are all gone !” was now the cry ; yet no one knew whence that cry came ; and men glared reproachfully on each other's countenances, and strove to keep down the audible beating of their own hearts. The desperate love of life drove them instinctively to their stations, and the water was poured, as by the strength of giants, down among the smouldering flames. But the devouring element roared up into the air ; and deck, masts, sails, and shrouds, were one crackling and hissing sheet of fire.

“Let down the boat !” was now the yell of hoarse voices ; and in an instant she was filled with life. Then there was frantic leaping into the sea ; and all who were fast drowning, moved convulsively towards that little ark. Some sank down at once into oblivion—some grasped at nothing with their disappearing hands—some seized in vain unquenched pieces of the fiery wreck—some would fain have saved a friend almost in the last agonies ; and some, strong in a savage despair, tore from them the clenched fingers that would have dragged them down, and forgot in fear both love and pity.

Enveloped in flames and smoke, yet insensible as a corpse to the burning, a frantic mother flung down her baby among the crew ; and as it fell among the upward oars unharmed, she shrieked out a prayer of thanksgiving. "Go, husband, go; for I am content to die.—Oh! live—live—my husband, for our darling Willy's sake." But in the prime of life, and with his manly bosom full of health and hope, the husband looked but for a moment till he saw his child was safe ; and then taking his young wife in his arms, sat down beneath the burning fragments of the sail, with the rest that were resigned, never more to rise up till the sound of the last trumpet, when the faithful and the afflicted shall be raised to breathe for ever empyrean air.

---

## ADDRESS TO THE INFANT ROSCIUS.

### I.

O WORLD! there was a time in thy past life,  
When all thy wonders were comprised in seven!  
And when *one* prodigy would kindle strife,  
Please or confound all nations under heaven.

### II.

But now, so many marvels dost thou own,  
Musical, literary, learned, religious;  
Such matchless prodigies are common grown,  
That only 'Dominies' cry out 'Prodigious!'

### III.

The march of intellect' did sure begin,  
When first the learned pig did learn his letters;—  
A bullfinch spell, unpointed by a pin,  
Words, not *then* always known unto his betters.

### IV.

Those days are gone! Now bird and beast in vain  
Crave public favour for their deeds precocious;  
For wondrous bullfinches—we've Lyra's strain;—  
For learned pigs—behold an INFANT ROSCIUS!

### V.

'A satire upon Shakespeare come and see,'—  
(For truth's sake advertise as I have written)  
'His heroes and his monarchs *played* by me,  
A lion's movements mimicked by a kitten.'

### VI.

Go to, thou tiny elf,—or rather back,  
Back to thy nursery and bread-and-butter;  
Ride on thy rocking horse,—thy new whip crack,  
And let our full grown actors mouth and mutter.



## VII.

Why should'st thou learn of love, hate, strife, or care;  
 Dark deeds and thoughts thine infant bosom shock?  
 Why should those little legs the *buskin* wear—  
 Scarcely as yet emerging from the *sock*.

## VIII.

Affect no longer Richard and Macbeth;  
 Far other king and warrior suiteth thee:—  
 Deal, as *Tom Thumb*, heroic blows of death,  
 And as *King Pippin*, most majestic be!

## IX.

Back to thy nursery;—play young Romeo there,—  
 But let thy *Juliet* be of sugar-candy;  
 The *Nurse*—a real nurse;—let *her* prepare  
 A new milk *potion* to support, not end thee.

## X.

Be not Othello,—else must thou forego  
 ‘Ear piercing fife, and spirit stirring drum;’  
 Oh! be thyself, poor urchin,—beat and blow  
 Till thou art deaf—thy instruments both dumb.

## XI.

No longer be thou Hamlet, proud and wild,  
 Thou blossom forced into a flower for pelf;—  
 Or soon thou wilt not be the *Prince*, poor child,—  
 But the *Grave-digger*—digging for thyself!

X.

## STANZAS.

BY J. H. WIFFEN.

HEARD'ST thou the lyric lark at noon proclaim  
 The birth of spring? I warbled with like glee,  
 When thy dark eye, to which all else seemed tame,  
 Fell first on me.

Heard'st thou the turtle-dove in summer's noon  
 Coo to its mate from yon aerial pine?  
 As full and fondly did my spirit soon  
 Respond to thee.

Heard'st thou the nightingale at autumn eve  
 Mourn in the woods so soon to be resigned?  
 So mourned my lute when late compelled to leave  
 Thy smile behind.

Heard'st thou the lorn owl from her wintry bough  
 Wail to the unregarding moon, as shrill  
 The hail-storm echoed? so bewail I now  
 Thy silence chill.

## CHIT-CHAT, LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS.

We are happy to learn that a new poem from the pen of Mrs. Hemans is almost ready for publication, entitled 'The Forest Sanctuary, with Lays of many Lands, and other Poems.' The 'Forest Sanctuary' is said to narrate the history of a Spaniard who flies from religious persecution in his own country to the wilds of North America. Reports speak of this poem as one of the most successful productions of the pen of its deservedly popular authoress. Mrs. Hemans requires only to be read to be properly appreciated by all who have the slightest pretensions to poetical taste.

Some people have affected to doubt that Sir Walter Scott is really engaged in writing a Life of Napoleon Buonaparte. Strange, however, as it may appear, it is no less true than strange. The work, which is expected to be comprised in five post octavo volumes, is already far advanced, and will probably make its appearance some time in the autumn. Report states it to be written, so far as it has proceeded, in a fine vein of philosophical impartiality, and to breathe throughout the most perfect candour and good temper. The style is also spoken of as having been carefully attended to, and as a chaste example of historical excellence.

A series of very beautiful poems is being published, from week to week, in the Literary Gazette, by L. E. L. under the signature of 'Iole.' The worthy editor would fain have us believe that these verses are indeed by a new hand, but an admirer of the 'Improvisatrice' will have no difficulty whatever in falsifying the insinuation from *internal evidence* alone. This is a very pardonable species of humbug,—but still it is humbug.

Charles Lamb has, we perceive, become a contributor to the New Monthly Magazine. His first paper, however, 'Popular Fallacies,' is by no means in his happiest style. The article on the late Emperor Alexander, in the same Magazine, is said to have been furnished by Dr. Lyall,—a very ominous name for a traveller.

The elegant translator of Tasso, Mr. J. H. Wiffen, announces, we perceive, a version of the choicest specimens of the Spanish Poets; with notices, critical and biographical. This work will be published uniformly with the works of Garcilasso de la Vega.

The editor of Friendship's Offering, Mr. T. K. Hervey, is, we understand, about to publish a volume, entitled 'Sketches from the Note Book of Charles Hamilton, Esq.'

The work advertised by one of the authors of the 'Rejected Addresses' is, it appears, a novel, entitled 'Brambletye House.'

Mr. Bowles's new pamphlet on the Pope Controversy, has just reached us. He gives the 'Liverpool Historian' some desperate facers; but as an able correspondent has promised to furnish us with the pith of the twenty or thirty pamphlets which have been printed on this subject, in a brief and popular form, for our next number, we shall only observe, for the present, that these 'additional last words' were unnecessary, since every individual, save the Quarterly Reviewer and Mr. Roscoe, not stark mad, is on the side of Mr. Bowles. This dispute has certainly been carried to most extraordinary lengths on both sides, and ought now to be suffered to drop. In spite of Mr. Roscoe, it must be universally admitted that the poetry of *art* is inferior to that of *nature*, and that Pope was not that rigid purist in morals which his blind idolaters would fain have us believe. Some of his letters to the Misses Blount and Lady Montague, and one or two of his lampoons, are of a most disgustingly obscene character. On the whole it may be remarked with truth, that his late eulogists have greatly injured his fame with the present generation, by compelling their opponents to produce proofs with which the public would never otherwise have been made acquainted.

Mr. Blanco White, the author of the interesting Spanish Novel, entitled 'Don Esteban,' and of the still more admirable 'Preservative against Popery,' is, we are happy to learn, about to produce another work, to be called 'Sandoval, the Freemason,' the incidents of which are said to be founded on facts.

Mr. Colburn, ever on the alert to minister to the public amusement, is, we see, about to publish 'The Adventures of a Young Rifleman;' an imitation, of course, of the interesting series of papers published in 'Blackwood,' under the designation of 'The Subaltern,' and since collected into a handsome post 8vo. volume.

Mr. Croly's book on the Prophecies, of which report speaks in very high terms, is at length about to make its appearance.

Miss Roberts, the authoress of some very able sketches in prose and verse in some of the leading periodicals of the day, is preparing for the press a 'History of the Wars of



the Rival Houses of York and Lancaster.' From what we have seen of the productions of this young candidate for historical fame, we are led to expect that her two Roses will not prove deficient either in bloom or odour.

Some months ago Leeds sported a new periodical work, of a very inferior character, entitled 'The Provincial Magazine,' which was gathered to the 'Tomb of all the Capulets' after three or four publications. We are far from thinking that Leeds, or any other town of similar magnitude, is not equal to the production of a respectable publication of this class; but the work in question, with the loftiest possible pretensions, was really a most contemptible affair, and by no means calculated to impress the Southern public with a favourable idea of the literary taste and intelligence of the place from which it emanated. A new monthly work, of the Magazine genus, is, we understand, on the eve of making its appearance in Manchester, but under what auspices we are ignorant. If publications of this class would not aim at more than a local circulation, there might be some chance of their success; but considering the number and quality of their Metropolitan competitors, they have little chance of circulation out of their own neighbourhood. If diligently conducted we have little doubt of the success of a monthly periodical in Manchester, but then it ought to devote its pages to discussions calculated to interest mercantile as well as literary and scientific readers.

It is a curious fact that notwithstanding the great competition this year among the Annual Literary Works, a very much larger number of the 'Literary Souvenir; or Cabinet of Poetry and Romance,' and 'Forget me not' have been sold than on any previous occasion. Had the former of these volumes been published along with its rivals it would most certainly have had a still further circulation of several thousands.

The King of France has appointed a commission to prepare a law for the protection of literary property. A great number of the most eminent noblemen and literati in the country have been included in this body. A long *projet* of a law has been submitted to the consideration of the commission, divided into twenty distinct heads; which, after they have been thoroughly discussed, will be formed into the four following chapters:—On the property of literary works in general; on the property of dramatic works; on the property of works of art; on the property of musical compositions. We want something of the same kind in this country very much. In England literary property, which ought to be held quite as sacred, if not more so, than personal property, is only afforded a temporary protection. Why should not an author's works descend to his heirs in the same manner as landed property? The time and talents of a literary man are said to constitute his *estate*. It is the limitation of the term of copyright that makes all modern publications so expensive; remove this and they would be printed in a cheaper form, and enjoy (those that were worthy of being read) a popularity to ten times the extent they do now.

The King of France has given orders for a new voyage of discovery; the direction of which will be entrusted to three very able and experienced persons. The particular object of the voyage is to explore more accurately several of the islands in the Pacific, and especially those among the shoals of which it is presumed that the unfortunate Perouse perished.

A very admirable Caricature, not unworthy the pencil of Hogarth, designed by one of the authors of 'Odes and Addresses to Great People,' has just made its appearance. It is certainly one of the most humorous productions we ever remember to have seen.

A volume, which, from its title, we should judge to be of a very useful character, is in the press, entitled 'The Father's Guide in the Selection of a School for his Son;' being a brief account of all the schools in England from which scholars have a claim to fellowships, scholarship exhibitions, or other honors and emoluments in the two Universities.

A Life of the late Emperor of Russia, (a *vamp* of course,) is announced for immediate publication, in one large volume, octavo.

The seventh and eighth volumes of 'Madame de Genlis' Memoirs' have just issued from the press, and are not inferior in interest to their predecessors. The supplement contains the Madame de G's opinions of the authors of the day, French as well as English.

The admirable pen of Miss Benger is, we are happy to hear, engaged on a History of the reign of Henry the Fourth of France. The period is one of surpassing interest, and the work will, we doubt not, be worthy the fame of its distinguished authoress.



The Rev. C. B. Taylor, author of 'May you like it,' announces a volume under the scarcely less singular title of 'Is this Religion? Or a Page from the Book of the World.'

Mr. Mackworth Praed is, we learn, about to present the public with a volume, to be called the 'Labours of Idleness; or Seven Night's Entertainments.' It is to contain seven prose tales, viz. Contents:—Epistle Dedicatory.—1. The Enchanted Lyre.—2. Love's Devotion.—3. Pedro Ladron, or the Shepherd of Topple-down Hill.—4. Aileen Astore; or the Glen of the Grave.—5. The Dead Man's Dream.—6. Ellinore.—7. Lilian.

Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson is on the eve of publishing a collection of her best poems, in one volume, with numerous additional pieces, under the title of 'Hours at Home.' Mrs. W. has written a great deal of very sweet and touching poetry which, if published in a popular form, cannot fail of being duly appreciated.

We are glad to see that our friend John Clare, the Northamptonshire Peasant, has a volume in the press, christened 'The New Shepherd's Calendar, with Village Stories.' Clare is a very original poet, and approaches nearer to Burns in the feeling and character of his Songs than any other writer of the present day. There is a production of his in the Literary Souvenir for the present year, entitled 'First Love's Recollections,' which is one of the most touching and beautiful poems with which we are acquainted. We shall pay our early respects to his volume when it appears.

The announcement of Mr. Murray's new daily newspaper, 'The Representative,' seems to have created a considerable sensation among his political opponents. The statement, however, that Mr. Lockhart is to edit it, is quite premature.

Mr. Hallam, of 'The Middle Ages,' has a 'Constitutional History of England,' in two big quartos, just ready to hurl at the heads of the 'reading public.'

The title of Mr. Southey's forthcoming volumes, alluded to in our last number, is Sir Thomas More; a series of Colloquies on the Prospects and Progress of Society.' The second volume of the 'History of the Peninsular War' is also nearly ready. For the continuation of this important and most interesting work, the public is looking with great anxiety.

The Rev. Mr. Polwhele announces, in two volumes 8vo, 'Traditions and Recollections, Domestic, Clerical, and Literary; including anecdotes, and the original correspondence of a great number of distinguished persons.' Having been favoured with a sight of the manuscript of these volumes, we are enabled to state that they contain a great deal that is curious and interesting.

Whittaker's new Series of the Monthly Magazine has not disappointed the expectations we had been led to form of its merits. It contains some very excellent papers, among which may be mentioned 'Tasso and his Sister,' a beautiful copy of verses from the pen of Mrs. Hemans; 'The Gipsy,' a clever sketch, by Miss Mitford; 'The Rat-trap,' by Mr. Hood; and a few admirable remarks on the subject of a plan for the gradual abolition of Negro Slavery. Of the Literary Criticism we can say but little. The outrageous puff of Dr. Kitchener is out of time and place, and some of the minor notices of new books, remarkable rather for pertness and flippancy than reviewer-like acumen. The verses on autumn are by Miss Porter. The late editor of this Magazine, Mr. Orator Thelwall has taken his dismissal in great dudgeon. He announces a new monthly work to be published by Mr. Relfe, viz. 'The Panoramic Miscellany!' The more the merrier, say we!

A new novel, from the pen of the author of that admirable work 'To-Day in Ireland,' is in the press. It will be entitled, 'Yesterday in Ireland.' Mr. Crowe is undoubtedly a man of first-rate talent, and his book cannot fail of proving extremely popular. Mr. Colburn, who seems to have got hold of all the good things this season, is his publisher.

A new periodical, called 'The Time-Piece,' warranted to go well, commences in March.

We have the melancholy task of recording the death of another enterprising traveller in Africa: Captain Beaufort, of the French Navy, who returned to Senegal in 1822, has just been snatched from our hopes. He thought himself well inured to the climate after two voyages, and five years' residence; but the efforts which he has been making for a year past, in three different attempts to advance to the river Timbuctoo, enfeebled his health, and brought on a fatal crisis, just as he was going to ascend the upper Senegal, and then to proceed directly to that great river.



The Vigo Bay Joint-Stock Company, for weighing up treasure from the bottom of the sea, have during the last season actually fished up *one* piece of silver plate (a salt-cellar, we believe.) Mr. Dixon, one of the directors, is on his return for machinery of greater power!!

The excellent Octagenarian, Mr. Cradock, is so well pleased with the success of the volume of his memoirs just published, that he is likely to be induced to present the public with one or two more.

Mr. Prowett, encouraged by the great success which has attended the publication of his outlines of Canova, announces a third volume, to consist of six double parts.

Mr. N. T. Carrington, the author of a very elegant poem, entitled, 'The Banks of the Tamar, and of some very pleasing fugitive poetry, under the signature of N. T. C. in the Literary Gazette and other periodicals, will publish early in the spring a descriptive poem, entitled 'Dartmoor,' embellished with several interesting views of scenes mentioned in his book.

A splendid quarto volume is announced, to be entitled 'British Ichthyology,' with engravings of the principal fish of Great Britain, from drawings by Sir John Fleming Leicester, and several of the first artists of the day; with a preface and occasional remarks by William Jerdan, Esq.

A Mr. Whatton, of Manchester, has nearly ready for the press 'Historical and Biographical Memoirs of Illustrious Natives of the County Palatine of Lancaster.'

The publication of the new volume by the author of Waverley, 'Woodstock, a Tale of the Long Parliament,' is, we hear, likely to be delayed a few days beyond the time specified for its appearance.

An unusual number of Catalogues of Old Books have been published during the last month, by booksellers in all parts of England.

### Notices to Readers and Correspondents.

A CORRESPONDENT who signs himself J. D. B. or T. D. B. (we cannot say which), and dates his communication from Birmingham, appears to have put himself to considerable trouble on our account. To notice his complaints *seriatim*: part of a sheet of the copy of the Literary Magnet for January with which he had been furnished, has, it seems, owing to the neglect or inadvertence of the binder, been omitted. He adds, too, that other copies in the possession of 'his friends,' are in the same predicament. We never yet heard of a querulous correspondent, either of a Newspaper or Magazine, who did not, by some remarkable coincidence or other, happen to have a host of 'friends' who sympathised with him in his grievances. We are sorry for the omission to which J. or T. D. B. refers, and if he and 'his friends' will send their respective numbers to the publisher, through the medium of the bookseller from whom they may have received them, they will be furnished with others in their stead. But our correspondent has further grounds of dissatisfaction. 'It is a question with several subscribers' to the Literary Magnet, with whom he 'is intimate,' 'whether the articles purporting to be from the pens of Messrs. Alaric A. Watts, Wiffen, Bowles, and Mesdames Rolls, M. J. J. and Spence, were *written expressly* for the work.' On this point we are happy to have it in our power to calm the doubts of our sceptical correspondent, and his equally incredulous associates. If they were not all 'written' they were all furnished *expressly* for our pages by their respective authors, and have never, as far as we are aware, appeared in print before. What is better still, is, that we are promised many more original contributions from the same pens. The next groan of this Birmingham 'Smell-fungus' is, that some remarks on the Poetry of Wordsworth were given in a former series of the Literary Magnet.' We are, of course, to infer from this hint that we ought to have left him out of our projected Series of Papers on the Living Poets of England. We think differently on the subject; and such of our readers as have perused the very able essay in question, will, we feel assured, sympathise with us in our opinion. Besides, the present Editor of the Literary Magnet, has no wish to identify himself with any of the opinions, critical or moral, of which the series of the work closed in December last may have been the medium. Another groan refers to two or three typographical errors too obvious to need correction. The next time this Birmingham



Oracle takes occasion to address us, either in his own behalf or in that of the 'several subscribers' to our work, with whom he is 'intimate,' he is requested (instead of confining himself to the stale trick of putting the word 'Paid' upon his letter), to send his communications postage free, otherwise they will not be taken in. It is too much to have to pay the postage of every idle and ill-natured blockhead who, like J. or T. D. B. may be disposed, at the expense of a sheet of paper, to vent his spleen upon us.

FOSCARI, a Venetian Story, on the leading incident of which Lord Byron founded his Tragedy of the Two Foscari, in our next.

THE Author of the 'Veiled Bride' is requested to mention where a note will find him; as is also Mr. Simpson, the translator of two Sketches from Hoffman, which have been in our possession some months.

To the inquiry of Mr. D——, we reply 'Yes,—but not for balaam.'

THE Article on Dr. Kitchener, is inadmissible, for various and weighty reasons. 'SIMON SIR-LOIN,' although a wag, is, we suspect, a very ungrateful specimen of humanity. We shall not allow the worthy Doctor to be roasted in our pages. The cooks of our readers would weep tears of grease at such a consummation.

H. B's verses are on the whole pretty; but not, we regret to say, sufficiently correct for publication in our pages. Besides, Delia is a name out of all date, and reminds us strongly of the worst productions of Shenstone. He, however, could write with real force and feeling when he chose, and so we dare say can H. B. Our correspondent is mistaken as to the identity of the present Editor of the Magnet. The gentleman to whom he refers is the proprietor of the work, but not the Editor.

A PACKET for Mr. Polwhele was forwarded more than two months ago, through the medium of our worthy friend, 'Sylvanus Urban.'

N. T. C's favour has reached us, and we shall reply to it at our earliest convenience.

We are obliged to the 'Hermit in Oxford' for his communications; but although we have his introductory article in the types, we are unwilling to publish it until we have received more than one other of the same series.

C. D. M. has written some pleasing little poems, but, in the two last with which he has favoured us, he has been unfortunate. We hold a little piece, entitled the 'Palmer,' which we shall probably publish in an early number.

OUR Bath friend is informed, that we are 'constant readers' of *The News of Literature*, and had, consequently, met with the obliging notice of our last number in its pages before his letter arrived. He is, however, entitled to our thanks, for, although there is always some 'd—d good friend,' or other on the alert to direct the attention of an Editor to the abuse of his rivals or opponents, there are few who (like our friend) will write him post free to tell him where he has been praised.

L. D. is requested to specify some definite sum. What you please is a very unsatisfactory mode of reply, and usually means (as the amusing octogenarian Cradock justly remarks in his Auto-biography) more than the applicant feels conscious he ought to ask.

ZELIE's Poems are not, we regret to say, eligible for insertion in the Literary Magnet.

SUCH of our correspondents as may not have received replies, either through this medium or privately, to their communications, will be pleased to infer that their favours have never reached us, in consequence of their having omitted to address them to the care of Messrs. Hurst, Robinson and Co.

---

#### ERRATUM.

At Page 98, line 2 from the top, for 'rolling' read 'rotting.'